

SHAKESPEARIANA.

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THE SHAKESPEARIAN ENTOURAGE.

It was Dr. Drake who, almost eighty years ago—so time flies—first thought he suspected, and said, that the Sonnets were revelations of Shakespeare's private life: and Boaden, Hallam (partially), Charles Armitage Brown and the vivacious Gerald Massey, not to mention the raft of magazinists who, about every three and a half months, say the say over again, really only follow Dr. Drake in the more or less announced opinion. Dr. Ulrici, the German critic, profoundly observes that Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets because, having fallen himself, he "set the matter forth as a warning to the world, and offered himself up for the good of others." This is what Ulrici thought of Shakespeare. "But what," as Walter Bagehot asks, "would Shakespeare have thought of Dr. Ulrici?" With what a headache would Shakespeare have risen from a perusal of Ulrici, Gervinus and all the rest of the Germans who wrote huge volumes upon a barely possible connection between an entirely supposititious fact, which might or might not have occurred when he was writing *Romco and Juliet* (or any other play), and the remote possibility (equally probable or improbable) of something in the prehistoric mists of the Rhine-Barons or the legends of the purely figmentary Hermann!

(And we may remark, in passing, that, no matter what facts the lifetime researches of such students as Halliwell-Phillipps may bring to light, the visionary theories are still forged with heavy hammers on ponderous anvils alike by Germans and Englishmen.)

But, splendid as is the name in history—magnificent as is the adjective "Shakespearian," drawn from the once exotic and obscure name (which only begins to appear in Stratford-upon-Avon annals in the reign of Edward the Sixth, say in or about 1551)—was there no domestic life for these humble Shakespeares, big with a glory that was yet to be? And can we not imagine Shakespeare as a good husband and father, as well as a *roué* carousing with Southampton?

John Shakespeare, grocer, butcher, or what you will, brought his young bride to the low-ceiled dwelling on Henley Street. Here to

them were born eight children, the third (to them no better than the first, or last, or any one between) to be their warrant of Immortality!

What was the religion of the Shakespeare family?

We must each for himself determine our own personal credulity or belief in the matter. Much is predicated from the famous return, dated September, 1592, containing the names of "all such recusants as have been heretofore presented for not coming monthly to church, and yet are thought to forbear the church, for debt or fear of process, or for some other worse faults," etc. The names of six women and nine men are given, including that of "John Shakespeare," and opposite is written, "It is said these last nine come not to church for fear of process for debt." Another document shows that John Shakespeare only the month before had been engaged in the good town of Stratford in making inventories. Religious opinions were, therefore, doubtless the cause, and their fellow-townsmen, among whom these nine suspected "recusants" dwelt, kindly interposing between them and the harsh penalty of the law, preferred the plea "fear of process for debt." But Appleton Morgan punctured their arguments by pointing out that civil process was not then, or since, in England, executable on a Sunday. Moreover the date 1592 is the date of the Act "For the punishment of persons obstinately refusing to come to church, and persuading others to impugn the Queen's authority in ecclesiastical causes;" an act expressly directed against Puritanism, and which, as the reader may perhaps remember, caused so much unwelcome free speaking in the House of Commons, and led to the imprisonment of poor Mr. Attorney Morrice. This act was brought in under the express direction of Whitgift, furious at the spread of Puritan views, and especially at the wide circulation of the *Martin Marprelate* tracts. As there were now numerous separatists in the Midland Counties, and as several of these tracts had been printed at Coventry, we learn from many contemporary sources, that the inquiry after those who, as the Act farther recites, "were present at any unlawful assembly, or conventicle, or meeting, under color of any exercise of religion," was very severe. We have little doubt that the term "recusant" misled Malone and Mr. Collier, but from the time of the rise of Puritanism, especially of the stricter separatists, we shall find "recusant" used to signify these latter, and Papists designated as "Popish recusants." Stratford-upon-Avon, indeed, was most favorably situated in regard to Puritanism. Warwick, where the great Puritan leader Cartwright dwelt; Banbury, already famous for its preachers and psalm-singing weavers; Coventry, where Waldegrave almost openly printed some of the most violent *Marprelate* tracts, were all within a pleasant walk of some ten or twelve miles; while the lord of Warwick Castle, Fulke Greville, the early friend of Sidney, was looked up to as the great protector of the persecuted sect. And so Mr. Morgan thinks, as did Malone and many others, that William Shakespeare was—as much as he

was anything—a Roman Catholic, but that his father and mother certainly were of that religion.

Very pleasant would it be if we could recover some traces of the boyhood of our greatest poet. It was a stirring age, full of great marvels, of unlooked-for events. Old things had not as yet passed away, although there was so much that was new. The old traditions, the old romance that beautified so many a spot, still lingered, and the wild and wonderful of past ages mingled not inharmoniously with the wild and wonderful of a present time when the old world was convulsed to its centre, and a new world had been found. Many a solemn old-world story, many a quaint ballad must the boy have listened to—many a tale of the red rose and the white, told by men whose fathers fought at Bosworth hard by; and many a tale of adventure in far-off lands told by the maimed wayfarer, as he waited the renewal of his "pass." It has been conjectured that the "princely pleasures of Kenilworth" were displayed before the boy Shakespeare's eager eyes. We doubt much if children so young would have been allowed to accompany the worshipful aldermen of Stratford-upon-Avon; but much talk was there, doubtless, of that gorgeous series of pageants; and the boy was doubtless no unheedful listener. Dramatic exhibitions must, however, have been familiar to young Shakespeare. There were the Coventry plays—for many generations the boast of that ancient city, and considered of importance enough to be performed at Kenilworth before the queen. And as early as 1569, when John Shakespeare was high bailiff, "the queen's players" performed in the good town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and received nine shillings from the corporation.

Misapprehension has existed as to the status of these early players, some writers having considered them as mere vagabonds, wandering from town to town like the gypsies—lawless men, only to be kept in awe by the stocks and the whipping-post. And yet, although many were objectionable in character, some were well respected, and decent men. The case really is, that when at the Reformation the acting of miracle plays by the trade companies ceased, the calling of the actor became recognized; and many a scholar who boasted a university education became one of a "company" to perform those interludes and moralities which did such good service in promoting it. As in those days it was necessary that every man should either belong to some trade-guild or to some noble household, these players associated themselves under the patronage of some powerful nobleman, and, like the minstrels and trouvères of the Middle Ages, travelled from town to town. Their mode of proceeding is described in a curious old Puritan book, entitled *Mount Tabor*. "It is the manner when players come to town, they first attend the mayor to inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so get a license for their public playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master,

he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen; and that is called the mayor's play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect to them."

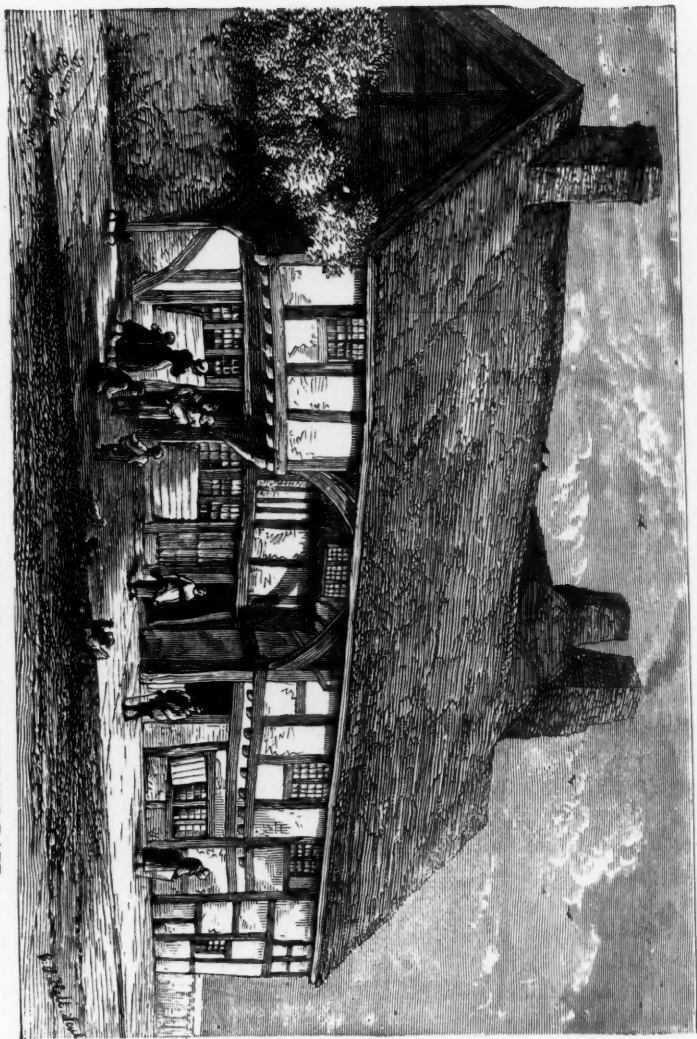
But the authorities of Stratford, quick to apprehend and jail the strolling bands, were equally eager to welcome actors who came proclaimed as my lord the duke or the prince (of anybody's) servants, and gave them Inn-yard, or Town Hall, for their performances, lined their purses, and sent them forth with welcome to come again. And so the lad Shakespeare saw his first "stage plays."

Misfortune that came to John Shakespeare did not yet forfeit the esteem of the authorities. In the assessments for "pikemen, billmen and archers," for the poor, for the town expenses, they assess him only half; and when even that half is unpaid, still do not proceed to collect it—as they had warrant to do—by distress. And deeper and deeper into the depths of poverty as he falls, reaching bottom just as his great son enters the arena of the age that was to be forever christened by his name, that esteem and respect is never withheld.

Warwickshire was a beautiful and bountiful country then as now. The great oaks and splendid beeches of the Forest of Arden sheltered many bold outlaws, but also many a deputation to cut down the annual Maypole, and drag it, with song and dance and revel, to grace the village centres. And toward the south it grew to meadowy pastures with their green mantles "so embroidered with flowers, that from Edgehill we behold another Eden." And here the poet of all time, wandering in the blithe spring-tide of his days along the shady lanes, the grassy slopes, the leafy glades of pleasant, pastoral Warwickshire, met his future wife, Anne Hathaway, or Whateley.

Never can we hope to learn when or where they first met; whether at some merry country feast or bridal, at some family gathering, or loitering along some green lanes. Indeed, until very lately, all we could learn was, that Anne Hathaway dwelt at Shottery, and was older than Shakespeare. The careful research of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, however, discovered a copy of her father's will; and although this, of course, throws little light on Shakespeare's courtship, it supplies an interesting picture of a rural household in the days of Elizabeth.

This is dated September, 1581, and is the will of "Richard Hathaway, of Shottree in the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon, husbandman." He leaves his sons, Thomas and John, £6 13s. 4d. each, and to William £10. His eldest son, Bartholomew, is left joint owner, with his mother Joan, of the farm; "and my will is, that he shall be a guide to my saide wife in her husbandrye, and also a comferte to his brethrene and sisters to his power." The daughters, three in number, have each £6 13s. 4d.; their names are Agnes, Catherine and Margaret. Some difficulty has been felt as to the name "Anne" not being found, and it has been



TYPE OF AVERAGE TOWN DWELLING-HOUSE OF THE SHAKESPEARE DATE.

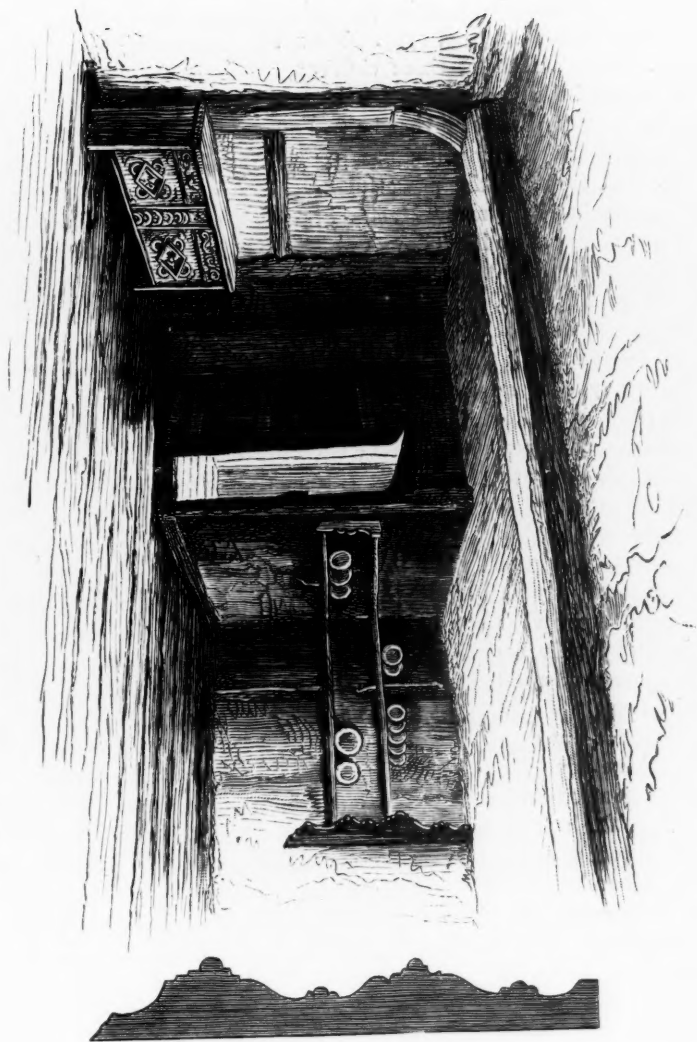
thought that she was, for some cause or other, not under her father's roof at the time; but when we see how very arbitrary was the spelling of those days, and the frequent carelessness of the scribes who were employed to draw up such documents, we think "Agnes" might have been inserted by mistake for Anne. In the midland counties, Agnes is pronounced Annis, and this might easily be converted in common use into Anne.

There is a homely kindliness in the subsequent bequests. Hathaway's god-children are to have "four pence a piece," his two nieces "a sheep a piece of them," and his "trusty friends and neighbors, Stephen and Foulke Sandells, my supervisors of this my last will, to have for their paynes twelve pence a piece of them." This will was not proved until the July of the following year, and as in the preamble Hathaway states that he is "sicke in bodye," his death must have been preceded by a long illness. It was probably during this time that young Shakespeare wooed and won Anne, or *vice versa*, as some say. At any rate, the labors of the biographers to prove that marriage and troth-plight were one and the same thing in those days is superfluous, according to Appleton Morgan, who remarks acutely, "It is evident that Shakespeare at least considered them as equivalents."

Meanwhile Hathaway dies; his will is proved; and by its provisions proof of his daughter's marriage would become necessary, that she might receive her legacy. But those furtive marriages, although recognized as binding, might have been viewed by the family, as they frequently were, with distrust. What is more likely, then, that mutual friends should suggest a second and more public wedding? It is to this that the marriage bond doubtless refers, and that no disgrace was believed to attach to Anne, the long interval between her father's death in the summer and her marriage not until late in November proves; while that the friends of the Hathaways took part with the young couple is evident from the fact that John Richardson, one of the witnesses, and Fulke (or Fowlke) Sandells, a "supervisor" of Hathaway's Will, were the two bondsmen who guarantee that "William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey be married together with once asking the bannes."

Did these two begin life upon £6 13s. 4d. (call it sixty pounds in value to-day)? Was their life unhappy? Did Anne have a beard? Poor old De Quincey—with an animosity to the girl who won the heart of the greatest and sweetest poet of Englishmen, which cannot be accounted for except upon general principles [and who, of course, knows all about it], says she had. Did Shakespeare go to London and his future glory because he hated his wife, or that he might earn money to return, as he did—and buy her the greatest house in Stratford and make her the Lady Bountiful of all the country round? Let each one answer these questions to suit himself.

TYPE OF INTERIOR OF STRATFORD DWELLING-HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DATE.

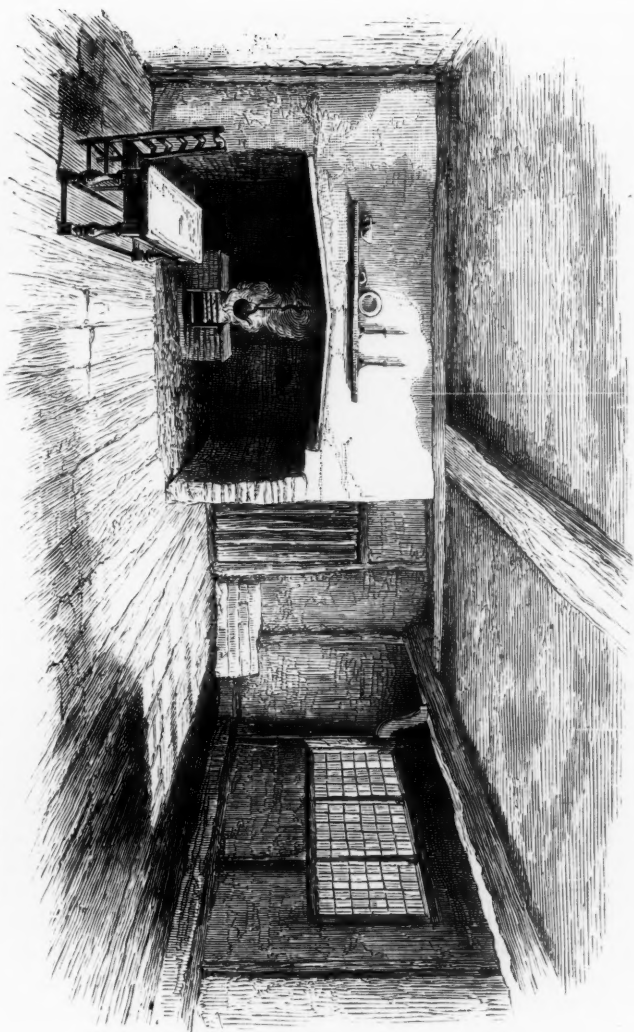


But is not Shakespeare the poet of the domestic affections? Hermione, Cordelia, Isabel, Portia, Imogen—did the creator of these hate women as only a henpecked husband can?

Children are born to William and his Anne. Susanna in May, 1583; and the twins Hamlet (named after his first histrionic success), and Judith in February, 1585. Thus, ere he became of age, our great poet was the father of three children, and doubtless it was about this time that he contemplated his journey to London. We cannot see any reason for believing that he fled disgracefully away from his native town, either from unwillingness to support his family, or because of the displeasure of the powerful knight of Charlote for stealing his deer; for in after years "Master Shakespeare" was always looked upon with respect by his fellow-townsmen, termed "oure goode frende," and recognized quite as "a gentleman of worship" when, in his prosperous middle age, he returned again to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. It was not as the poet of whom all England might well be proud—for of this the worthy burgesses had probably no idea—but as the thrifty, successful, and upright man of business, whose prosperity was a credit to them all, that they welcomed him. Surely it was misfortune, not disgrace, that drove the young husband and father so far away. A wife and three little children looked to the young man of twenty for bread, and the greatest of England's poets thought it no scorn to set forth and work hard to maintain them. It was probably in 1585 or 1586 that Shakespeare quitted Stratford. In the latter year we find the players were there, and about that time "the Earl of Leicester's servants" visited the town. To them he probably attached himself; for Burbage, in whose company we afterwards find him, was the manager; and he, as well as some of the others, were Warwickshire men.

There was much in the London of Elizabeth's days to attract the eye of the young poet, as well as to awaken his deepest interest; for the ancient city still boasted those beautiful structures which were her pride in the middle ages—those noble halls of her civic guilds, with carved roof and sunny oriel, rainbow-tinted with the proud blazonry of her merchant princes; and all the fine old churches with their pinnacled towers and spires of fairy fretwork, and the long lines of picturesque houses, with their quaintly decorated gables. And then the beautiful river, rolling its ample current, silver clear as his own unpoluted Avon, and still displaying those flocks of swans which challenged the admiration of the Venetian ambassador a hundred years before; and the stately gardens which now, from the Temple to Whitehall, stretched to the water's edge. And much was there in London habits and ways to interest the great painter of men in all ages. Every rank, every class, had here its representative; every vice, every virtue, every combination of character in those stirring times; and face to face with

TYPE OF INTERIOR OF STRATFORD DWELLING-HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DATE.



these stood mighty interests claiming the national mind with stern and commanding force. The times were too earnest for aught of trifling, and men set about their mere ordinary business, their very amusements, "with a will," as they quaintly phrased it; and thus the salient points of each character were brought out with a force and a vividness which we, in a day of stereotyped mannerism, can but faintly apprehend. Strange blunders are still made about this reign of Elizabeth, although, thanks to the reprints, and frequent publication of contemporary documents, we are beginning more truly to estimate it. But an age which for forty years maintained single-handed the great battle of the reformed faith against all Catholic Europe, which defied the mightiest power ever arrayed against it, and saw the proudest armament dashed helplessly to ruin—an age in which the spirit of discovery went forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, which bequeathed to the English-speaking race a wealth of literature still unsurpassed, is an era worthy the deepest study.

It was just at the most stirring period of this most stirring age that Shakespeare found himself in London. There were many sights then to be seen in these picturesque old streets. The long procession, when amid the tears of all London—of the whole land—Sir Philip Sidney was borne to his grave in old St. Paul's; and then the blazing bonfires, and joyful psalm-singing and tables set in the streets to which all comers were welcome, when the discovery of Babington's plot filled England with rejoicings. Then came the Armada year, and England's cup of confidence and of glory was brimming full.

Burbadge, under the ægis of Leicester's name, erected the Blackfriars Playhouse in 1574, with Shakespeare as his fellow and colleague. London was an imperial city; the king's warrant was waste parchment within Temple Bar, "for lyke and after the manner of olde Troye." Hence certain troubles arose as to the Blackfriars, and there have been plenty of historians to argue that the disreputableness of the Blackfriars—of Burbadge, Shakespeare and their co-geners—was the cause. But that it was merely technical, arising from the Tudor lawyers, who bowed, or did not bow, to the Court's mandate within London town—as they astutely saw fit—there is more reason to believe. The strife of jurisdiction found echo on its stage. The aldermen who sided against the stage were lampooned by the players in impromptu jokes and "jigges" (song and dance). London was in the hands of the Puritans; the Court was not affected that way. The strife was calmed, but never settled, until Puritanism settled it by shutting up the theatres altogether. It was the eager relish of a rapidly advancing age for information that seems to have led to the establishment of the earliest English theatres. Great was the popular thirst for historical knowledge, and very interesting is it to remark how largely the early drama supplied that want. A simple thing was a dramatic per-

formance in the reign of Elizabeth—little beyond bare recitation, but appealing far more to the mind and heart of an imaginative age than the melodramatic shows and elaborate machinery of modern times. And never did our forefathers seem tired of witnessing these plays. When a new historical drama appeared, it was sometimes performed six and eight times in the course of the day, especially if on a subject connected with English or with almost contemporaneous history. Thus, the blood of the horrible slaughter at Paris, in 1572, had scarcely dried ere the massacre of Paris appeared in a dramatic form on the London stage; and scarcely had the welcome news of the death of hated Guise arrived, ere that fierce, reckless evildoer, conspicuous with his well-known crimson plume, appeared before the well-pleased audience and received the death bullet amid their excited shouts. Thus the theatre was viewed, and not unwisely then, as a great school for the people.

From the character of these plays it is evident that low, uneducated men could not supply them; and thus we find the majority of writers, most of whom were also actors, were scholars—university men, who wrote M.A. after their names, and some of whom had contemplated taking orders. Many of these were needy and struggling indeed, but with very few exceptions they seem to have been respectable, family men. The correspondence of Edward Alleyn (the founder of Dulwich College) and his good wife Joan affords, indeed, as pleasant specimens of domestic affection and homely kindness as we can well find; and that the profligacy of Marlowe, and Green's cruel desertion of his wife and child, should have been so severely reprehended by their brother dramatists, is proof that, as a class, they were honorable men. We may also here incidentally remark that the utter absence of women from the stage was at that early period of the acted drama most beneficial in a moral point of view.

Shakespeare came to London. That he became actor, and was soon after employed in altering or adapting plays for the stage, and, ere long, in writing new ones, we know; that his gains were small, and perhaps very precarious, is likely enough; and that during this period, therefore, many of his sonnets were written, seems most probable. Nothing was more common than for the poorly paid dramatists to add to their slender income by writing, what prosing Antony à Wood calls "trite things," by which he designates short pieces of poetry, which were then in very general request for almost every occurrence of domestic life. Most emphatically was the age of Elizabeth a poetical age. The influence of verse was potent everywhere, from the first noble of the land, who paid down so willingly unthought-of gold pieces that the praises of "Oriana" might be sung in choicest verse, to "Tom Butcher," who actually wept as the rude ballad of "Troy Town" was told him. And thus each birthday brought its tribute of verse; each

present was duly accompanied by "choice poetry," written in the "fine Italian hand," and the farewell to the friend and the welcome that greeted his return were alike in rhyme. For these purposes the sonnet was most frequently used; and a score or two of Shakespeare's seem obviously intended to accompany presents, or to express friendly or amatory feelings. Indeed, for every kind of votive offering, the sonnet seems to have almost superseded every other kind of poem. Dedications to patrons, prologues to plays, letters, even dramatic speeches, are frequently regular sonnets. In Kyd's "Cornelia" (1580-2), Cicero replies to the heroine in a really fine sonnet, and one of the Shakespeare sonnets appeared in the *Love's Labour Lost*—an early play, according to the printer's dates.

When the footsore Shakespeare arrived in London, homeless, poor, with Stratford and his house forbidden him until, in the hard school of adversity, he had earned the means at least to return, perhaps he wrote the Twenty-ninth Sonnet:

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes."

But then, perhaps, he did not. But it would puzzle almost anybody except Mr. Gerald Massey to find Southampton in it—Southampton desiring "this man's art and that man's scope," and talking—he a courtier and a nobleman—of "the state of kings!"—he who was surrounded by state and ceremony, and of the class who, however they insist upon ceremony, like Henry the Fifth, are rather more apt to pretend indifference to, rather than to express a violent longing for, it!

Perhaps he wrote that sonnet—according to the autobiographical sonnet theorists—for Southampton to send to his lady love (who was no better than she should be). As before let each man judge for himself.

Did Shakespeare bring his wife and family to London as soon as he was able? We know that he was a "householder" in London. If he wrote the above-quoted sonnet for himself and not for Southampton—probably that was the first thing he would have done. At any rate, in the simple domestic arrangements of the early Englishmen, there were no "lodgings" or "boarding houses"—the inns were houses of refreshment, not for permanent tenants; society recognized only the family—and without a family it is doubtful if one could have been described as a householder: that is, a man responsible to municipal law for more than himself—for all living beneath the roof he owned and paid taxes upon. And who lived under Shakespeare's roof, except his own family? But the records of Bishopsgate, near St. Helin's, and of the Bankside, describe Shakespeare as "a householder." With his rising fortunes, Shakespeare evidently desired, like Sir Walter Scott, to become the founder of a family; and this is doubtless why only four years after his appearance as a needy man, we find John Shakespeare applying to the Heralds' College for a grant of arms!

That this was at the expense of his son is evident, for the son, as an actor, could not write himself "gentleman;" but John Shakespeare had been high bailiff of his native town. But Shakespeare, from his intimacy with great persons, had such a longing for family that (and we quote Mr. Morgan again) his fellow-actors dubbed him "the *gentle* Shakespeare"—"gentle" meaning, at that time certainly, "of gentle blood," and "having no reference to manners or speech." The arms were granted—"bend sable charged with a spear, on a field or." But it was with a crushed heart that Shakespeare would contemplate them; for the great sorrow of his life had then fallen upon him. In August, 1596, his only boy Hamlet, died, at the age of almost twelve years. We have no particulars, save the record in the Stratford register (for he was probably taken down to his native place to die); nor has Shakespeare left any memorial of his loss. And yet we are to believe that, not content with forming a disgraceful attachment to a married woman, he must needs parade it before his friends in a series of sonnets! Ben Jonson, far more rugged than "gentle Shakespeare," wrote a tender epitaph on his infant daughter Mary, and mourned in sweet and saddest verse the death of his darling boy, when seven years old; but a heavier bereavement visited Shakespeare, and yet he who, we are told, unveiled his inmost heart in his sonnets, left that blameless sorrow unsung.

The next year Shakespeare purchased New Place. He had still a wife and two daughters—Susanna, now fourteen, and Judith, twin sister of poor little Hamlet (mostly written Hamnet, though why the error is not arbitrarily corrected is as uncertain as it is peculiar).

And here let me say a last word about Anne Shakespeare, the woman who, when all is said, was wife to the greatest poet that ever lived, and the mother of his children. Who casts stones at any woman? Who throws a stone—save the mark!—at Anne Shakespeare?

In the epitaph, of which we give a fac-simile, evidently placed by her elder daughter on her tomb, and probably written by the husband, Dr. Hall, she is spoken of, not in terms of inflated eulogy, not in any of the "stock phrases" of the Latin epitaph, but as the gentle, pious, affectionate mother, whom the daughter, although a middle-aged woman, most lovingly mourns over. "My mother, thou gavest me life and milk from thy bosom. Woe to me! for such gifts I can only offer a stone." But still she rejoices in the hope that the stone at our Lord's coming will be rolled away; then, "let the tomb remain closed, for my mother seeks the skies." Now, can we believe that a daughter with such feelings would coolly take possession of house and furniture, "plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever," while the real mistress of the house, her own mother, was thrust into some neglected corner with her "second best bed"? It is important to bear in mind here that views of the rights of "mistress of the family" were very

high in Shakespeare's day, and that one of the most fruitful sources of conjugal bickering was interference with the wife in her household management. To "rule the household," to have sole possession of "the keys," was conceded as her right, even by the bitterest opponents of feminine sway; to have ignored his wife, therefore, during his lifetime, and to have "cut her off in his will with an old bed," would have aroused the fury of every old woman in Stratford, and covered the name of Shakespeare with disgrace.

The facts, however, were, that Shakespeare, however he may have offered them up for the good of others, had built this splendid house and was occupying it, living at the rate (according to old Dominie Ward, of a thousand pounds a-year; which statement, calculating the value of money at that time, we easily take to mean that he lived profusely and to the top of his well-earned fortune!) This Dr. Hall was quite as thrifty as his father-in-law had been, and took as good care of his father-in-law's investments. In 1605 Shakespeare had bought for £440 the unexpired term of the moiety of a lease of the tithes of Stratford and three neighboring parishes. It was probably the most profitable of his many shrewd business operations. The lease had then thirty-one years to run; and his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, in 1624, sold the remaining twelve years' rights for £400, or within £40 of what the poet had paid for the property which yielded him and his heirs good returns for nineteen years.

When, in 1597, Burbadge pulled down *The Theatre*, transported its material to the Bankside and built the never-to-be-forgotten *Globe*, Edward Alléyn, who had already waxed rich by the operation of his *Bear Garden* and his *Hope* (not two hundred yards from the site selected by Burbadge), both bear and bull bating establishments took it as a challenge, and he built in an incredibly short time another theatre of the familiar oval model and christened it "*The Swan*," destined to become memorable from the fact that, to a performance in this theatre a clerical gentleman named John De Witt, Canon of St. Mary's, Utrecht, found his way in 1596, and was so impressed that he made a rough pencil sketch of the interior. This sketch he enclosed in a letter home, which happily was preserved, and five years ago was discovered by Dr. Goedertz in the Royal Library at Berlin, and is to-day the only thing which preserves or acquaints posterity with the interior plan of a theatre in Shakespearean times. (This sketch will be found engraved in the seventh volume of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, and is of course invaluable). Some of Ben Jonson's plays were performed here, until Shakespeare, by loaning money to him, convinced Ben by methods familiar to creditors, that the *Globe* was the best for his purposes. The *Swan* theatre was not a successful competitor to the *Globe*, and was soon abandoned.*

* See for detailed description of De Witt's sketch and description of the *Swan*, ante. Vol. vi., pp. 330-415.

HERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE
6TH DAY OF AUGV. 1623. BEING OF THE AGE OF 67. YEARES
Vbera, tu mater, tu sac, vitamq; dedisti.
Vae mihi. pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoueat lapidem, bonus angl' ore
Exeat, christi corpus, imago tua. ✠
Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christe, resurget
Clausula hicet tumulto mater et astra petet.

The fact of Shakespeare having performed before Queen Elizabeth in December, 1594, is established by the following entry recorded in the manuscript accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber: "to William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord-Chamberleyne, upon the councelles warrant dated at Whitehall, xv. to Marij, 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyem laste paste, viz., upon St. Stephens daye and Innocentes daye xij., Li. vj. s. viij. d, and by waye of her Majesties rewarde vij. Li. xiiv. s. iiij. d, in all xx. Li." The Court was then at Greenwich Palace. "For making ready at Greenwich for the Qu. Majestie against her Highnes coming thether, by the space of viij. daies mense Decembr., 1594, as appereth by a bill signed by the Lord Chamberleyne viij. Li. xiiij. s. iiij. d," MS. *ibid.* "To Tho: Sheffelde, under keeper of her Majesties house at Grenewich for Thallowaunce of viij Labourers there three severall nightes, at xij d the man, by reason it was nighte worke, for making cleane the greate chamber, the Presence, the galleries and clossettes, mense Decembr., 1594, xxiiij. s." MS. *ibid.* The view of the palace here introduced is taken from one on a much larger scale, which was engraved by Basire from an ancient drawing and published in 1767. This is believed to be the only authentic representation of the building as it appeared at the time of Shakespeare's visit. There are a number of views belonging to other periods, and an engraving of modern date purporting to represent it, but the last is really from a sketch of a large Elizabethan mansion which formerly stood in the immediate neighborhood.

Shakespeare, now waxing rich, turns for investment of his savings to his native town. He left there while the goodwives and gossips shook their heads at a "ne'er-do-weel," and the local magistrates were getting him down in their books as a young man to be looked after. He will go back rich, and the richest in the town. Abraham Shirley, a Stratford alderman, toward the end of 1597, desired his brother-in-law, then in London, to inquire whether our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Shakespeare is willing to invest in the Tithes (to "farm" — that is to advance the town money for them, and get back what he can by collecting them himself). He also adds that Mr. Shakespeare, if he did not feel like doing this, might be willing to loan them, on an emergency, something against the next tax levy. Quiney wants £30 (that is \$180 or \$900.00 of per cent. values), a request which could only have been made of a rich man. As Quiney and Shakespeare were always friends, and as Shakespeare's youngest daughter ultimately marries Quiney's son, doubtless the loan was made.

Meres' *Palladis Tamia* is now printed (1598), which speaks of Shakespeare as a great and widely honored poet of high rank as a dramatist. It is to us the first record. But we may be very sure it was not the

The Swan



THE SWAN THEATRE ON THE BANKSIDE.

first then. Such mention as Meres gives is of a well-known man, not at all the first announcement of a coming poet. Still we may aptly conclude that Meres' mention either chronicled or created a money value for the name "Shakespeare," since it is immediately after the circulation of the *Palladis Tamia* that the name appears on a title-page—the Quarto of the *Love's Labour is (or 's) Lost*.

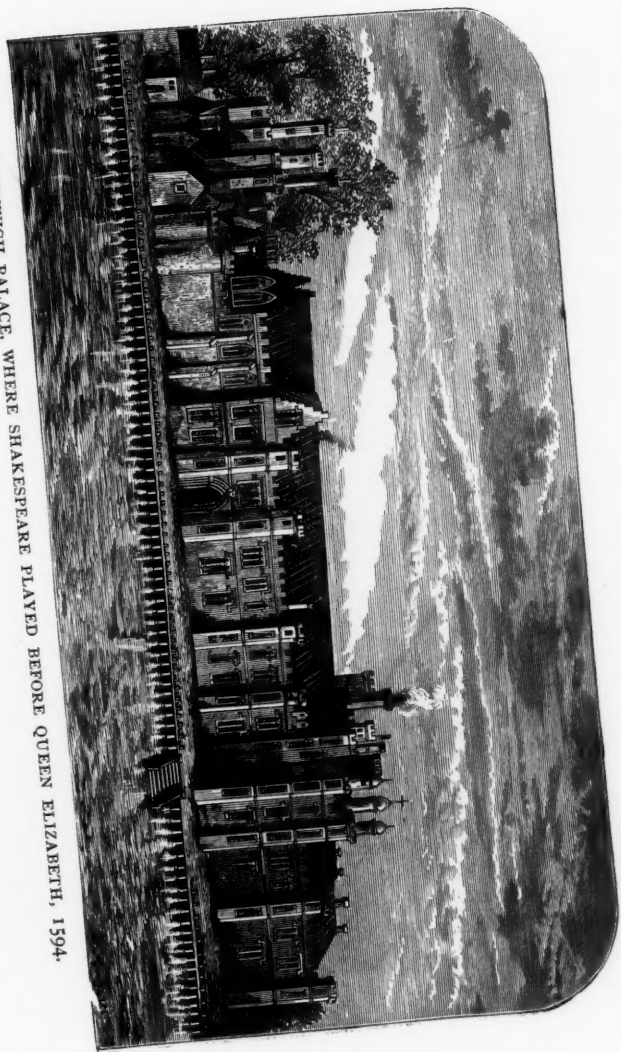
And now his plays are printed thick and fast, in 1599 and 1600 (thickest in the latter year): they come, flood London, are quickly purchased, and forty years thereafter, some of them continue to be published by shrewd money-making booksellers. In 1602 he is described in a deed as "William Shakespeare of Stratforde upon the Avon—that is, a country gentleman. In 1607 his eldest daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. Julien Hall, gentleman, physician. Susanna waited until she was twenty-eight—a long time in those days of early marriages. Possibly the thrifty doctor was waiting for an understanding as to the *dot*. We know he lived at New Place with his father-in-law, and thereafter until the demise of the widow put the mansion into the market.

In Mr. William H. Fleming's Introduction to the sixth volume of the Bankside Shakespeare (and there is no clearer among all the brilliant Introductions to that magnificent series), there is ample demonstration that Shakespeare had no cause to hate the Puritans (creeping as they were to the authority where they could smash theatres, dramatists and actors, and drive them out of the land into a forty years' exile). And that Mr. Fleming is right, the records seem to prove. Indeed, it seems to be an error to suppose that Shakespeare's plays shared the general animosity of the Puritans to anything connected with the stage. One of Milton's earliest poems was the magnificent apostrophe beginning:

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones?"

And that austere of the austere Puritans, and their principal writer, quotes frequently from Shakespeare in even his heavy theological treatises. It was the terrible dressing they got from Ben Jonson and others, no doubt, which finally irritated the Barebones party beyond endurance. Doubtless not a Milton himself—certainly not a Cromwell—could have contemplated a "Zeal-In-the-Land Busy" with fortitude. There is reason to believe that Shakespeare's wife and two daughters, at least, were, if not Puritans, at least not bitter against them. Dr. Hall, it is well known, was one himself. There is the well-known "*Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of clarett wine, given to a preacher at New Place*, in the Stratford town records in 1614. And why should they supply wine to "a preacher" if not of the "preacher's" faith? It was not a clergyman of the Established Church, at any rate (for these were never designated as "preachers"). The occasion was one when a "silenced" preacher preached before the Aldermen and Burgesses

GREENWICH PALACE, WHERE SHAKESPEARE PLAYED BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1594.



For surely guests invited to New Place by the owners would not have asked the town to pay for the wine they gave their guests, but had Puritans been unwelcome at New Place, a Puritan "preacher" would not have been billeted there. And there is another consideration, viz.: when Quiney writes Shakespeare for "your helpe with £30," he says, "I thanke God, and muche quiet my minde," and closes, "The Lorde be with you and with us all. Amen." Another letter from Abraham Sturley to Quiney, above alluded to, asking him to induce Shakespeare to invest in the Tithes, is addressed "Most loving and beloved in the Lord," and abounds with the like pious expressions. This stamps the writers of both letters at once as Puritans. It is an ear-mark which cannot be gainsaid. Now, had not Shakespeare been well affected to Puritans, Puritans would not have applied to him for money. This much ought to be certain, for the lines were being tightly drawn in those days between members of the same family, let alone between the "conventicles" and the play-houses.

So far as the records go, then, there is absolutely no reason in fact for believing that Shakespeare cared much one way or the other for priest, Puritan, church or conventicle. He minded his own business—rarest of accomplishments!—ran his theatres, bought and sold, and grew rich at it—the committees on attending to other people's business had not yet been formed, or, if they had been, Shakespeare was not a member! He appears not only to have grown rich but to have deserved to!

Shakespeare died April 23, 1616. There is a tradition of very respectable antiquity that he died of a fever contracted through going on a drinking-bout with Ben Jonson and other boon companions; but as not even teetotalers nowadays would venture to affirm that alcohol is productive of typhus or scarlatina, some other cause must be looked for to account for the death of the great dramatist at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Mr. Nisbet, in his "The Insanity of Genius," claims that Shakespeare died of paralysis, or some disease akin to paralysis. The signatures to the will, he holds, afford strong presumption of this. Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, who printed in 1657 a book, "Select Observations on English Bodies, or Cures both Empiricall and Historicall performed upon very eminent Persons in desperate Diseases, first written in Latine by Mr. John Hall, physician, living at Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire, where he was very famous, as also in the countries adjacent, as appears by these Observations drawn out of severall hundreds of his as choysest; now put into English for common benefit by James Cooke, practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery," (a second edition appeared in 1679, reissued in 1683 with a new title-page), died without throwing any light upon the subject. Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps remarks very acutely that the fever of which Shakespeare died was probably ascribed to the drinking-bout with Jonson and Dray-

REAR OF DWELLING-HOUSES IN THE OLD TOWN OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



ton because it was then a popular notion that fevers were generally due to some excess in eating or drinking; but very likely the real cause was one that would not have occurred even to the medical men of that day—namely, “the wretched sanitary conditions surrounding his residence,” which, though it was the best house in Stratford, was situated in the immediate vicinity of “middens, fetid water-courses, mud walls, and piggeries.” The will was written probably before the poet died, and signed during his last illness, when the interlined bequest of the “second-best bed” to his wife was added; and the chirography of the last signature thereto (*which*, whatever the two others are, is of course genuine) is not at all paralytic or wavering: not nearly as much so, as a matter of fact, as the two prior ones, or as several others that have been esteemed genuine.

However, the fact remains that the only statement as to the cause of Shakespeare's death ever on paper is the Dominie Ward entry of two hundred years ago. There is enough dubitation about and around Shakespeare matters as it is, without revising the contemporary records and testimony. On the whole let the Dominie Ward statement stand. A fever might be contracted by drinking a glass of polluted water as well as by a glass of sack. The conditions in any case would control rather than the nature of the irritating agent. “Shakespeare, Jonson and Drayton” probably went on many “a drinking-bout” together, which *did not* produce Shakespeare's death.

HORACE P. HARMAN.

MONTAIGNE—FLORIO—SHAKESPEARE.

FLORIO.

Is it not a worthy attribute of fame that it lends existence to calumny and propagates itself by evil passions?

The world wags its wise head, blackguards the reformer and sneers at the small efforts of the improver, just as the gamins get together in the ragged suburbs and pelt a well-dressed stranger. To injure those who would instruct us seems so natural that we have long since ceased to wonder at it; to bully the schoolmaster and badger the policeman has almost attained to the dignity of instinct. If we choose to do right we persist in doing it at our own sweet will, and feel grossly insulted if we are told to "move on."

Our appreciation of an author, like our adaptability to good advice, depends more on the state of our stomachs than on the convolutions of our brains. "Hang the age!" said gentle Elia, "I'll write for Antiquity." Indeed the praise of posterity is not desirable to him who knows what it is, and whose mind is capable of serene thought. To a wise man, the suggestion that by the exercise of his faculties he may be known for a generation or two after he shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil" has nothing to recommend it. Florio did a glorious work, but if you indiscriminately speak of him, the pedant thinks you are talking of a treatise on bouquets, while the classical scholar infers that you are busied with him of the Epitome. There must be something of divinity about what we call a genius, since the average native's acquaintance with his country's literature could not inspire one to write for him; while the ordinary foreigner's intimacy with our English writers is mostly to be deplored.

Fortunately or unfortunately, therefore, little is to be learned of John Florio. A bulky volume was, not long since, compiled by an English reverend doctor to throw light on such obscurities, but here he ignobly succeeds in making the darkness denser. He tells us that the first English edition of Montaigne's Essays is known as "The Floreo," in apparent ignorance of the existence of the "still resolute" translator, whose name is not even mentioned. Just as congratulation hovers about our lips because "the intellectual movement in France has been aided by the influence of English literature," an anecdotal addition buries our hopes in despair. The citizens of Paris, in 1822, bravely hissed *Othello* from the stage; they would have none of it, because, forsooth! Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo, and Shakespeare was an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington!*

*"La littérature anglaise eut aussi une certaine influence sur le mouvement intellectuel en France; l'école des 'Lakistes,' Byron, Scott et enfin Shakespeare, quoique en 1822, on ait sifflé *Othello* à Paris, en criant: 'à bas Shakespeare, c'est un aide-de-camp du duc de Wellington.'" (*Sept. Grands Auteurs*, par Alcée Fortier, p. 4.)

We humans are pansophists in this: it is not the error, but its amendment, that troubles us; we lightly pardon our own ignorance because of the multiplicity of our cares, and sincerely blame the mistakes of others because they are inexcusable.

Nearly all that we know of Florio is that he was born in London near the close of the reign of Henry VIII., that his parents were Protestants, and that the family left England on the death of Edward VI. and returned after the succession of Elizabeth. Our Florio was soon afterwards employed at the University of Oxford, and matriculated as a member of Magdalen College about the year 1576. After the death of Queen Elizabeth, he was engaged as tutor to Prince Henry, the son of James I., became Italian reader to Queen Anne, and, together with his brother-in-law, Samuel Daniel, the poet, was a gentleman of her Majesty's Privy Chamber. "He was," says Anthony Wood, "a very useful man in his profession, zealous in the religion he professed, and much devoted to the English nation." (*Athenæ Oxonienses*, II., 380.)

Florio's Italian Dictionary, "A Worlde of Wordes," was "printed at London by Arnold Hatfield for Edw. Blount, 1598." One of the three patrons to whom this work was dedicated was "Henrie Earle of Southampton," to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece* had been dedicated by Shakespeare a few years before.

As an author, Florio had a hard time of it with the critics. He published a work containing Italian dialogues and proverbs, and subscribed his Epistle to the Reader, "I. F." Whereupon a veritable imp of mischief, with all the spirit if none of the personality of Nash, seized upon those initials "and made as familiar a word of I. F. as if I had been his brother," torturing Florio as Nash tortured Gabriel Harvey. Harvey, however, responded with all his power, fought valiantly with venomous syllables, and was mercilessly immortalized by his conqueror's ribaldry.

I wish that Florio had quarrelled more vindictively; we should then have known more of him. His assailant was some one whose initials were H. S., and our "resolute" lexicographer pathetically asks him, "And might not a man that can do as much as you (that is reade) finde as much matter out of H. S. as you did of I. F.? As, for example, H. S., why may it not stand for Hæres Stultitiæ, as for Homo Simplex," etc., etc. (*A Worlde of Wordes*, Epistle to the Reader, by Iohn Florio, 1598.)

The graceless controversialist to whom this was addressed must have been amused by such epithets as these, and probably bandied them among his brethren in opprobrious mockery. Florio did his best, but he was not armed for such a war of words; his counter-attack is feeble indeed, compared with the diabolical vituperation and the agile knavery of such wits as Nash and his inky tribe. Florio seems to have

realized this, and contented himself thereafter with informing his readers that he is "still resolute Iohn Florio."

Warburton has dogmatically asserted that Shakespeare lent his aid to make Florio ridiculous; that he satirized him in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Warburton's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1747, III., pp. 227, 228), but this was one of those brilliant flashes of intelligence that makes light of the invisible, one of those "happy conjectures" whose pleasantry consists in the absence of truth. Warburton always treated Shakespeare as if the poet were a poor curate of the Established Church, who needed a Lord-bishop to suppress his virtues and to discover his faults. The bishop's belief in himself was so great that the assertions of any one else seemed incredible. His substantial egoism overshadowed his religion. He was so anxious to acquire immortality for himself that he discovered there was none for the Patriarchs.

"*Essayes written in French by Michael, Lord of Montaigne, and done into English according to the last French Edition, by Iohn Florio,*" were first published in 1603. We may be sure that in accordance with the custom of the time, these were more or less circulated in manuscript; Shakespeare, as a friend of Southampton's, could easily have perused them. The fine portrait of Florio prefixed to the 1613 edition of the *Essayes*, is said to be much like him (*Athenæ Oxonienses*, II., 382). It indicates a sensitive man, one who would not willingly prolong a malignant quarrel. He might have been envious but he was not ungenerous; indignant but not implacable. His adoption of the phrase "still resolute" seems opposed to this opinion. Moreover, the human countenance is no safe guide to conclusions of this nature: Socrates and La Boetie may serve as examples. It should humble us to know that if there are men who are never so wise as they look to be, there are others who afford us a succession of surprises because of the utility of our uncharitable inferences.

Copies of Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* are now unfortunately rare, Cotton's translation being "preferred" by those who have not read the other. I am glad to be the possessor of an original Florio, and, to my thinking, there is pathos, dignity, eloquence and power in his rendering, which Cotton's faintly imitates. True, Cotton is expurgated, but that intensifies my objections. I hate an expurgated book. If it be worth reading, let me read it all, as here I freely can in good old Florio. An expurgated book is like an eviscerated human. If we are afraid of injury from a man, it is safer to examine him after he is disembowelled; but the process necessarily precedes his funeral; he would better be cremated at once.

My enjoyment of Florio's Montaigne is increased by the knowledge that the page is one which Shakespeare read, the language that which was current in London in the age of Elizabeth. Cotton's translation is a century later.

If this difference consisted in age merely, it would unduly affect me, and induce honor where it should not, but the distinction consists not of time but in the men and women who chronicled it. It is the difference between Marlow, Chapman, Webster, Ford, Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Rochester, Behn, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar. It is as the singing of the skylarks to the twittering of the sparrows.

Read this extract from the second chapter of the first book, translated by Florio :

"In the warres which king Ferdinando made against the widow of John, King of Hugarie, about Buda ; a man-at-armes was particularly noted of all men, forsomuch as in a certaine skirmish he had shewed exceeding prowesse of his body, and though unknowne, being slaine, was highly commended and much bemoaned of all ; but yet of none so greatly as of a German Lord, called Raisciac, as he that was amazed at so rare vertue : his body being recovered and had off, this Lord, led by a common curiositie, drew neere unto it, to see who it might be, and having caused him to be disarmed, perceived him to be his own sonne ; which knowne, did greatly augment the compassion of all the camp ; he only without framing word, or closing his eyes, but earnestly viewing the dead body of his sonne, stood still upright, till the vehemencie of his sad sorrow, having suppressed and choaked his vital spirits, fell'd him starke-dead to the ground."

Now read the same passage translated by Cotton :

"In the war that Ferdinand made upon the widow of King John of Hungary about Buda, a man-at-arms was particularly taken notice of by every one for his singular gallant behaviour in a certain encounter, unknown, highly commended, and as much lamented, being left dead upon the place ; but by none so much as by Raisciac a German lord, who was infinitely enamoured of so unparallel'd a vertue. When the body being brought off, and the Count with the common curiosity coming to view it, the arms were no sooner taken off, but he immediately knew him to be his own son. A thing that added a second blow to the compassion of all beholders ; only he, without uttering a word or turning away his eyes from the woful object, stood fixtly contemplating the body of his son, till the vehemency of sorrow having overcome his vital spirits made him sink down stone dead upon the ground."

To my thinking, the latter though a good translation, is inferior to the former, which at once suggests the concluding lines of the fourth canto of the *Inferno*.

Many passages could be quoted more favorable to Florio than this ; for instance, Montaigne's tribute to Paris. In Florio it is aglow with love, enthusiasm, and tender warning. Cotton's translation reads like an auctioneer's catalogue of its advantages.

Florio died in the year 1625, at the age of seventy-two. It is satisfactory to know that he lived on terms of great friendship with the greatest scholar of his time. "The celebrated John Florio," says Gifford ("Memoirs of Ben Jonson"), "always lived on terms of great

friendship with our author. In his Majesty's Library is a very beautiful copy of *The Fox*, which once belonged to Florio, with the following autograph of the poet: 'To his loving Father and worthy friend, master John Florio, Ben Jonson seals this testimony of his friendship and love.'

Carefully preserved in the British Museum is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in which, on the fly-leaf, is a genuine autograph of Shakespeare. There certainly is no reason to think that Shakespeare was other than a friend of Florio's. Warburton, indeed, declares that it was "from the ferocity of Florio's temper that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his Pedant of *Thubal Holoferne*."

The grossness of the statement places it beneath discussion. Shakespeare would not have satirized a man to whom he was indebted; a person of "ferocious temper" would not have been selected as the tutor of Prince Henry; a pedant could not have been the friend of Southampton and of Jonson. We may be sure that John Florio was a ripe scholar and a loyal gentleman, one who honored good books and loved good men. Witness his sonnet:

"Since honor from the honorer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorize;
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds:
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies,
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies.
And when and how they flourished no man heeds!
How poor remembrances are statues, tombs
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closed rooms,
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived; the other where they lie."

SHAKESPEARE.

We may pardon the plagiarism which degrades our ideas, but we hate that which improves them; the former confesses its inferiority, the latter exposes ours. Behind the improvement lurks an accusation of unfitness in us, a charge of unskilfulness which rankles in our hearts and lacerates our pride until it festers into corruption. This was the quintessence of poor Greene's complaint of Shakespeare, in which there was more of disease than of malevolence; but, singularly enough, this complaint which proves Shakespeare's superiority has been most often adduced to injure his reputation.

There have been hewn into bad statues of good men tons of marble as flawless as that which was fashioned to the form of Phryne, but there has been only one Praxiteles. There were, undoubtedly, sculp-

tors who criticised his work, sneered at his manner, condemned his methods and failed in the endeavor to imitate him. Perchance, he may have improved the work of contemporary hands; could the artist whose work was thus moulded into perfection by the genius of Praxiteles have rightfully claimed that he was its author?

As it was with Praxiteles so it unquestionably was with Shakespeare. Eager crowds gathered about the Bankside when one of his plays was to be performed and filled the "wooden O." Dramatists were enticed thither by waning fortune or unremunerative endeavors, and looked with contracted brows upon the delighted audiences, depreciated Shakespeare's genius, mocked at his art and furtively turned their ears to the stage to catch the charm of his witchery.

It is my purpose briefly to prove how Shakespeare's fellow-playwrights debased his ideas, and how he ennobled the expressions of Montaigne. In endeavoring to accomplish this, it will incidentally appear that the references and allusions to and quotations from Shakespeare's plays in those of his contemporaries, are so numerous that the limits assigned me will only permit of the insertion of a few of those evidently taken from *Henry IV.* and *Hamlet*.

When Sir John Falstaff, in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, declares that he will repent ere it be too late, and regrets that he has forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, honestly telling his companion that villainous company hath been the spoil of him, Bardolph replies, "Sir John, you are fretful, you cannot live long."

"Why there is it," exclaims the battered old sinner; "come sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dined not above seven times—a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass." (*I. Hen. IV.*, III., 3, printed 1598.)

"Hang you, you have bewitch'd me among you," says Folly-wit, in *A Mad World, My Masters* (Thomas Middleton, printed 1608). "I was as well-given, till I fell to be wicked; my grandsire had hope of me; I went all in black, swore but a Sundays; never came home drunk but upon fasting nights to cleanse my stomach; 'slid now I am quite altered! blown into light colors; let out oaths by the minute; sit up late, till it be early; drink drunk till I am sober; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop; here's a transformation! I was wont yet to pity the simple and leave 'em some money; 'slid now I gull 'em without conscience; I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure."

When Sir John is arrested at the suit of Mistress Quickly, and his companions threaten a rescue, "Thou wo't, wo't thou? Do, do, thou rogue! Do, thou hempseed!" says the hostess.

"Away," cries Sir John Falstaff, Prince of Billingsgate. "Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!"

In the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, this is tamely imitated.

"a plague of this wind
O it tickles our catastrophe."

In *Eastward Hoe* (printed 1605) the work of Marston, Jonson and Chapman, there are frequent references to *Henry IV.* The line which Shakespeare took from Marlow is repeated with a slight change. Quicksilver exclaims:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia."

"Have we not Hiren here?" says Pistol.

"Hast thou not Hyren here?" says Quicksilver in *Eastward Hoe*. Pistol threatens to see Doll Tearsheet in Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also; and when the hostess begs good Captain Peesel to be quiet and to aggravate his choler, the swaggerer again uses "bitter words."

"These be good humor, indeed! Shall pack-horses
And hollow pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar."

This representation of a blatant coward was appreciated by the audiences of the *Globe*, and their taste was pitied by less successful play-wrights, after this fashion:

"Gad's my life, sirrah Golding wilt be ruled by a fool? Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and let the welkin roar and Erebus also." *Eastward Hoe*, Act. I, sc. 1.

Compare Henry's soliloquy on sleep (2 *Henry IV.*, III., 1) with this from *The Malcontent*, III., 2 (by John Marston, printed 1604):

"I cannot sleep, my eyes ill-neighboring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that givest all the world full leave to play;
Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labor;
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The stooping scythe-man that doth barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure; in night all creatures sleep,
Only the Malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas he's goodman tell-clock,
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone."

In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, Richard Burbage, Henry Con-dell, William Slye, John Lowin, all members of Shakespeare's Com-

pany, are introduced, and the actor who represented Henry Condell says to "William Slye," parodying *Hamlet*, V., 2:

"I beseech you, sir, be cover'd."

To which "William Slye" answers:

"No, in good faith, for mine ease."

In *The Widow's Tears* (printed 1612), by George Chapman, there is an allusion to the ghost of Hamlet's father:

"Slight, the ghost appears again."

(See *Hamlet*, I., 1.)

In *The White Devil*, by John Webster, printed 1612:

"There's rosemary for you, and rue for you."

(See *Hamlet*, IV., 5.)

Again in *The Malcontent*, travestying *Hamlet*, I., 5:

"Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old truepenny?"

Again, though we lose patience in reading it:

"— in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse
how pregnant, in life how wary, in favor how judicious, in
day how sociable, in night how —"

(See *Hamlet*, II., 2.)

In *Eastward Hoe*, III., 1, Girtred sings, parodying Ophelia:

"His head as white as milk,
All flaxen was his hair,
But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed
And never will come again."

(See *Hamlet*, IV., 5.)

In tracing the ideas of Montaigne throughout Shakespeare's plays we may dismiss conjecture in considering the likelihood of his having read the passages which seem to have influenced his thought, since, as we have seen, our great dramatist possessed a copy of Florio's translation.

"Most of our vocations are like playes. *Mundus universus exercet histrionam. All the world doth practice stage-playing.* We must play our parts duly." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. III., 570.)

"Is it not a worthy comedy, whereof kings, commonwealths, principalities and emperors have for many ages played their parts, and to which this great universe serveth as a theatre?" (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. II., 422.)

"—All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

(*As You Like It*, II., 7.)

"In like manner he that enters lightly into a quarrel is subject to leave it as lightly. The same difficulty which keeps me from embracing the same, should incite me, being once moved and therein engaged, to continue resolute." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. III., 575.)

This is the advice given by Polonius to Laertes:

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."
(*Hamlet*, I., 3.)

"Passions are to me as easy to be avoided as they are difficult to be moderated. He that cannot attain to this noble, stoical impassibility, let him shroud himself in this my popular stupidity." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. III., 575.)

"blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core." (*Hamlet*, III., 2.)

"The heart and life of a mighty and triumphant emperor is but the breakfast of a seely little worm." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. II., 256.)

"A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king." (*Hamlet*, IV., 3.)

In the preface to *Plutarch's Lives Translated from the original Greek: With Notes, Critical and Historical and a Life of Plutarch*, by John Langhorne, D.D., and William Langhorne, A.M., we may read as follows:

"If the merit of a work may be estimated from the universality of its reception, Plutarch's Lives have a claim to the first honors of literature. No book has been more generally sought after, or read with greater avidity. It was one of the first that were brought out of the retreats of the learned, and translated into the modern languages. Amiot, Abbé de Belozane, published a French translation of it in the reign of Henry the Second; and from that work it was translated into English, in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is said by those who are not willing to allow Shakespeare much learning, that he availed himself of the last-mentioned translation; but they seem to forget that, in order to support their arguments of this kind, it is necessary for them to prove that Plato, too, was translated into English at the same time; for the celebrated soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' is taken almost verbatim from that philosopher; yet we have never found that Plato was translated in those times."

Notwithstanding this dictum, Socrates' defence, from which the soliloquy of "To be, or not to be," is said to be taken, was translated "in those times;" into French by Michael de Montaigne, and into English by John Florio:

"Death may peradventure be a thing indifferent, happily a thing desirable. . . . If it be a consummation of one's being, it is also an amendment and entrance into a long and quiet night. We find nothing so sweet in life as a quiet rest and gentle sleep and without dreams." (Bk. III., 593.)

"And Solon said, that should a man heap up in one mass all evils together, there is none that would not rather choose to carry back with him such evils as he already hath than come to a lawful division with other men of that chaos of evils, and take his allotted share of them." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. III., 540.)

"The oldest and best known evil is ever more tolerable than a fresh and unexperienced mischief." (*Florio's Montaigne*, Bk. III., 540.)

"To die, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? . . . 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

"And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

(*Hamlet*, III., 1.)

In the 30th chapter of the First Book, page 100, of Florio's *Montaigne* Montaigne tells us of a servant-man of his who had dwelt for ten or twelve years "where Villegaignon first landed." This, according to Ogilby, was near what is now Rio Janeiro, and about the year 1550. From this man Montaigne eagerly gleaned information respecting that country and its natives. In the Essay he informs us of the nature of the knowledge thus obtained, and expresses his regret that it came no sooner to light "at what time there were men that better than we could have judged of it. I am sorry Lycurgus and Plato had it not; for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a genuity so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever believe our society might be maintained with so little art and human combination.

"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service of riches or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of among them. How dissonant would he find his imaginary commonwealth from this perfection?"

"I' the commonwealth," says Gonzalo (*Tempest*, II., 1).

"I would by contraries

Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too, . . . but innocent and pure."

To Montaigne's imaginary Commonwealth Shakespeare added little, but observe what he added :

"And women too, . . . but innocent and pure."

His heroines are never otherwise ; as Ruskin has shown (*Sesame and Lilies*), our greatest poet, recognized in them "faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save."

Thus Shakespeare ennobled the thoughts of Montaigne, rebuked the vulgar teachings of his time, and paid to womanhood the homage of his genius.

ALFRED WAITES.

SHAKESPEARE'S DELINEATIONS OF DOTAGE.

I SUPPOSE we shall never be able to pause in deploying our praise over the absolute perfection of Shakespeare's discriminations between the touches of identical emotions upon diverging types of men, and upon similar types, whose situations, opportunities and walks in life have been different. It grows monotonous indeed, so axiomatic is the proof, to claim that these delineations are infallible, that experience in any cycle confirms this absolute photography of the human heart and the human instinct. But it occurs to me that to only the careful reader can appear how delicate and fine the line of some of these delineations are. If I may be pardoned the effort, I would like to follow out a few of Shakespeare's old-men characters, and call attention to how prominently, in persons of exactly the same state of "sere and yellow leaf," he brings out the kind or characteristic of dotage which the life-long associations or experiences of each produces in each of them. It is the lawyer's maxim that, whatever the case he is asked to present to a court, he can find a similar case in his Digests. Similarly, it would appear to be impossible to conjure up a situation or an emotion which it is not to be found that Shakespeare conjured up or dealt with in the plays he wrote three centuries ago.

In Lear we have, for example, the dotage of a king.

Lear's dotage led him to the folly of giving up his kingdom. But having given it up, his kingly habit made it impossible for him to see that, however greedy and unfilial his daughters, they could not administer the gift he has bestowed upon them, did they not refuse to allow their father to maintain his hundred knights.

The lesson of the play is not, as is generally supposed, that it is sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child, but rather that it is silly in a man to suppose that, because his own instincts are generous, everybody else's instincts are generous also—that is, in other words, that it is not safe to judge others by one's self. How could Goneril and Regan have reigned, and have preserved the peace and tranquillity of their subjects, if every other month an irresponsible band of one hundred lords could, without question or interference, do as they pleased in the realm; ride rough-shod over laws and customs, and, accountable only to themselves, take what they wanted—amenable to no authority, summonable to no court, complainable of at no tribunal? What Goneril and Regan showed was—not ingratitude, but absolute want of tact. Lear was in that condition of dotage where they could easily have kept around him the dignity and show of power and homage, while they did precisely what they pleased. The old king's dismissal of Cordelia, too, was a proof of the old man's superannuation.

He wanted Cordelia to put into words all that, in his heart, he was sure she felt for him. And it was a piece of monumental and unnecessarily girlish folly in her not to have humored the old man by doing so. Nobody wanted Cordelia to protest as her sisters had, with an eye to their own purses, most shrewdly done. But she persisted in forgetting that her father was an old man, "not in his perfect mind," as he said himself. And, in his pride and her absolute want of tact—a want in her, and, under the circumstances, even less excusable and tolerable than in her sisters—she precipitated the old man's misery and suffering, and her own misfortune and death, by a little childish pique and silly pride. Why should she have not thrown her arms around her own father's neck—her own loving father, whose especial pet and favorite she was—and said "Father, you know I love you"? I know where to turn to oceans of gush about the noble and saintly Cordelia, and I don't pretend to know much about women. But, execrable as Goneril and Regan were, considered as daughters and not as queens, it still seems to me that a peevish girl is not much better than an ungrateful one, when her peevishness stands in the way of an old man's happiness in his declining years. Contrasted with the women of the play, Lear's dotage seems to me from first to last—in the incident of the stocks—in his first suspicion and in his full realization of the unfaithfulness of his daughters, and their determination to treat with him as queens and not as daughters—in the storm—and in the sincere and loyal offers of his real friends—always kingly. He is every inch the king—in nothing more than that he is always expecting, when he stares, to see the subject quake.

So too, Polonius. Old age is breaking down his mind, but it is still a mind accustomed to grapple with diplomatic considerations, with ruses and policies of state, and the shadow of what once was sagacity of foresight is apparent in every word he speaks. He has been a practical, trusted and entirely trustworthy Premier, and he is still conscientiously watchful of the interests of the state. State considerations weigh with him even in his parental duties. And, much as he would be glad to see his own daughter wed the crown prince, and conscious of her temptations to yield to a princely bar-sinister in default of such a match (neither of which would have been against his own particular worldly interests), he is yet aware that Prince Hamlet is a prince out of Ophelia's sphere, and not only tells Ophelia so, but reports to the king that he has so advised her. Polonius is the dotard from first to last. But he is just the dotard that a state counsellor would make when the proper age has been reached. He will not contradict the crown prince, even if the crown prince thinks a cloud looks like a whale, or a camel, or a man's hand. And when he proposes to keep a watchful eye over his son amid the blandishments of the French capital he warns the detective he places upon his track against too much zeal—instructs him to put on what forgeries he pleases, but none so rank as may dishonor the

young man. Says that he may say, "I know his father and his friends, . . . and in part him," but must be careful to say, not that "he is wild," but only that he is "addicted" so and so.

And Falstaff, who has never known or recognized any propriety in anything; who has made light of everything; true to no human relation; a scoffer at everything good or honorable; whose maxims have been on a shifting scale, but generally to the idea that discretion was the better part of valor; that he could not be debarred cakes and ale simply because other men were virtuous; who considered that he had served his king well enough if he had fought a good hour by Shrewsbury clock, and that "honor" was a word which was well enough when it came conveniently to hand, but would not set a leg, or an arm, or take away the grief of a wound—would not suffer with the living man, or be sensible to the dead man. This Falstaff in his dotage is merely a loafer at a tavern, running after women whose husbands have money, and endeavoring to keep his old servants, whom he can pay no longer, by vague promises of thrift, when he has conquered the women, and, through them got access to their husband's purses. Extremest touch of dotage—he regrets that he has not come where he was before, and resolves in future "to make more of his old body." And when, at the last, he fumbles with his fingers' ends and cries out "God, God, God" three or four times; when his nose was sharp as a pen, and when (according to Theobald: and he will live forever in men's charity for that emendation) "he babbled of green fields," and the poor leman he had robbed and hoodwinked gave him the sorry consolation that "a' should not think of God yet; . . . there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet"—there is a deeper repetition of the time-worn warning as to the certain results of libertinism and dissipation than in ten thousand lines of the commonplace of a Pollock, or the hectic bewilderment of a Browning. And yet, bad as poor old Falstaff was, I cannot take leave of him without a confession. I never can forgive King Henry for breaking an old man's heart. He could have at least pensioned poor old Falstaff, and had an eye kept on him without telling him of it. And what harm under heaven could the poor broken old man have done in the few years left for him to shorten with loose living and unlimited sack? If I had been King Henry the Fifth, I would have taken that old man into my palace, have kept him by me in purple and fine linen, and offered prizes to every physician in England to prolong his life. I would rather have had Falstaff than France. Henry could always have captured a France, but where could he have found another Falstaff? When Nature or Shakespeare moulded Falstaff, the die broke!

Old Capulet is a perfect delineation of the dotage of a rich and dignified old man, who is full of good-will to all men, so they will accept his bounties as a condescension, and not demand it or receive it

without the expression of the homage he conceives always due to his rank. He tells his guests that he himself is past his dancing days, and that by'r lady, it is more than thirty years since he was in a mask, but that if they do not dance he will infer that they are troubled with corns on their feet. He tells his wife that their daughter's repugnance to marrying a man she does not love is "chop logic," and that she must not be proud and say "I thank you" and "I thank you not" to him. "Thank we no thankings, and proud we no prouds," but "fettle your fine joints." And when old Capulet and old Montague, after keeping up their lifetime share of the inherited feud are brought face to face, there is all the serenity of greatness in the yet maudlin garrulity with which each melts over the other's extended hand. The fountain of laughter is touched where there is no cause for laughter. For we are all of us growing old. In strong contrast to those two old gentlemen are the old creatures who have been respectively the village justice of the peace and constable, and have coddled each other's ignorance for years and years, until both are completely dovetailed and morticed together in their foolish imbecility and senility. Dogberry and Verges indeed! The one with his misplaced scraps of what he has overheard his betters say, the other with his admiration for those scraps when uttered by the village justice. The one says, "Yes, I thank God that I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestier than I," and the other hobbles off to commit the speech to memory. Another country justice, Mr. Justice Shallow, of Gloucestershire, is still another type. He is a bigger fool than Dogberry. In his youth a dullard and a mean-spirited prig, he yet affected the swagger of a man about town, and the recklessness of a man of pleasure and of spirit. Into the very sere and yellow leaf he keeps up the fiction, and when he meets old Falstaff, who is running a press-gang on his own account, he breaks at once into it:

Shal.—"O Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. John's Fields?"

Fal.—"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

Shal.—"That we have, that we have, that we have in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was, 'Hem, boys! come let's to dinner, let's to dinner.' O, the days that we have seen! . . . I remember at Mile-end Green, when I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about and about, and come you in and come you in; 'rah tah tah would he say, bounce would he say, and away again he would go, and again would he come. I shall never see such a fellow!"

And Falstaff, who sees how he can borrow a thousand pounds of the old man by humoring him, listens acutely, and old Shallow proceeds:

"I would have done anything indeed, and roundly to. There was

I and little John Dost, of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man. You had not four such swingebacklers in all the Inns of Court again; and I may say to you we knew where the bona robas were; we had them all at commandment. . . . Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent!"

But here the wily Falstaff interjects a few well-timed words about the old man's wealth, and praises his orchard, and the old man struts up and down with "Barren, barren, barren! beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air!"

And yet this old Shallow—whom Falstaff remembers as "a youth something like a forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; he was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. He was the very genius of famine. . . . He came ever in the rereward of fashion. . . . You might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eelskin"—on a thought of it all, ruminates, "Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to the vice of lying"—is wrought to a little tenderness at thought of "old Double." "And is old Double dead? Well, we must all die."

Later on, we see this lean and slippered pantaloone again in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at Windsor, where he has journeyed to marry his witless nephew to an heiress. [An incident which the English Drama seems to have adopted from Shakespeare, and to have used as a staple down to a few years ago, with the single addendum that the uncle comes from India instead of from Gloucestershire, and that the nephew has other matrimonial intentions—for at least a century.] And we recognize the same puff of importance—we would recognize it anywhere—in the very first speech he makes!

"If he were twenty, Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire, a gentleman, born in the county of Gloucester, justice of the peace and coram," etc., etc. For Sir John has never paid that thousand pounds which he obtained in the orchard by claiming the friendship of Prince Hal, and by the opportune arrival of Pistol to announce the death of Henry IV. and the succession of that Prince, and to congratulate Falstaff on now being the greatest man in the kingdom.

To be sure, Silence remarks in Shallow's hearing that he still thinks Falstaff is nothing but "a goodman puff of Barton." But old Shallow is wheedled out of his money all the same. And he never gets it back! When he hears King Henry the Fifth say to Falstaff, "I know thee not, old man," he piteously asks for half of it, and doubtless would be glad to see even a lesser percentage. But nothing will ever make this maudlin old dotard more or less than he writes himself down in every word and is, first and last, and as Shakespeare leaves him: an incorrigible doting old ass! Certainly it is not fashionable to dwell upon any of Shakespeare's characters without extracting their morals. And certainly one

cannot examine Shakespeare's old men without getting the moral full in sight. And it is this, the old saw—old but true as gospel—that a right life makes a lovable old age: that a young fool will make an old fool, and that there is no fool like an old fool. For the nobility of old age crowning a noble life, we turn from Shallow, Falstaff and the rest to the death-bed of John of Gaunt!

MARGARET COMMERTON.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XX. ALEXANDER DYCE.

ALEXANDER DYCE was born in Edinburgh, June 30, 1798, the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Alexander Dyce, of the East India Company's service, was educated at the Edinburgh High School and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1819 he took his bachelor's degree. His father had expected him to enter the service of the East India Company, but instead, took orders in the Church of England. From 1822 to 1825 he filled two curacies, but in 1825 abandoned clerical pursuits and devoted himself to literature. His labors in this field were most scholarly, fruitful, and of the highest critical value.

In 1818, while still an undergraduate, he edited Jervis's "Dictionary of the Language of Shakespeare." In 1821 he issued a volume of translations in blank verse of selected passages of Quintus Smyrnaeus. Then followed, in 1825, "Specimens of British Poetesses;" in 1827, "Collins's Poems;" in 1828, two volumes of Geo. Peele. A second edition of Peele was issued in 1829. In 1830 he published, from a manuscript, "Demetrius and Enanthe" (Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant"). In this same year he brought out his edition of the "Works of John Webster," in four volumes. In 1831 appeared the "Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," in two volumes. In 1833 he completed Gifford's edition of Shirley and published "Specimens of English Sonnets." Between 1831 and 1835 he contributed to Pickering's "Aldine" series editions of Beattie, Pope, Akenside, and Shakespeare's Poems. From 1836 to 1838 he was engaged in editing works of Richard Bentley, in three volumes. In 1839 appeared a third volume of George Peele's works, containing the fruit of later researches in that author's writings. In 1840 the works of Thomas Middleton, in five volumes, were issued. In 1843 he edited the "Works of Skelton," in two volumes, and began his elaborate edition of "Beaumont and Fletcher," which comprised eleven volumes, and was not completed till 1846. In 1844 he issued "Remarks on Mr. I. P. Collier's and Mr. C. Knight's Editions of Shakespeare." In 1854 appeared an edition

of Marlowe, in three volumes. In 1853 he issued "A Few Notes on Shakespeare," and in 1856, "Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers." He numbered among his warmest friends such men as Harness, to whom he dedicated his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher "as a Memorial of a Long and Uninterrupted Friendship;" Sir Walter Scott, to whom he dedicated his edition of Robert Greene, John Forster, and in fact most of the prominent literary men of London between 1840 and 1869. In 1857 he issued a second edition of Webster revised, in one volume; and also his first edition of Shakespeare, in nine volumes. In 1858 he issued a second edition of Peele and Greene, in one volume; and in 1861, of Marlowe, in one volume. In 1859 appeared "Strictures on Mr. Collier's new edition of Shakespeare." The second edition of Shakespeare, in nine volumes, began to appear in 1864. It was not finished till 1867. His latest work, which was issued the year of his death, 1869, was a revised edition, in three volumes, of Gifford's edition of the dramatic works of John Ford. At the time of Mr. Dyce's death he was preparing a third edition of Shakespeare. This was published posthumously by his intimate friend and literary executor, John Forster, to whom he had originally dedicated the edition of Shakespeare.

All through his life Mr. Dyce had been working on a translation of Athenæus's "Deipnosophists." This he left unfinished at his death, which occurred in London, May 15, 1869.

Dr. Dyce was a member of many learned societies, among others the Camden Society, the Percy Society, the Shakespeare Society. For each of these he did valuable editorial work. For the Camden Society he edited, in 1840, "Kemp's Nine Daies' Wonder." This is a reprint of the only copy in existence, the one in the Bodleian. He edited, in 1841, for the Percy Society, "The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599," and in 1843, "The Harmony of the Church," by Michael Drayton, from the edition of 1591. This was, as Drayton in his preface informs us, "nothing more than select portions of Scripture reduced into sundrie kinds of English meeter." For the same society he edited "Poems by Sir H. Wotten."

For the Shakespeare Society he edited the *Timon of Athens*, and the following year the 1590 play of "Sir Thomas More." From this statement the reader can form some idea of the extent of Mr. Dyce's labors in the field of Elizabethan literature, which is distinguished by its great accuracy and enduring value. All his critical introductions evince deep research, patient study, fine critical acumen. His editions of Peele, Greene, Webster, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Shirley, are, by common consent of scholars, standard editions. He was the first to collect the works of George Peele. In 1831 appeared, in two volumes, the "Dramatic works of Robert Greene, to which are added his Poems." In 1861 Mr. Dyce embodied in seven

volumes the works of Peele and Greene, "with important alterations, corrections, and additions." Prefixed to this is an elaborate study of Greene and his writings. Of these works the *Edinburgh Review* said: "We think that no materials ever laid before the public are so well calculated to advance the intelligent study of our immortal poet as Mr. Dyce's unpretending and excellent editions of Peele and Greene." To the same effect is the *London Quarterly Review*: "We take this opportunity of expressing our very high opinion of the diligence, skill and judgment of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, whose editions of Peele, Greene and Webster leave little to desire, and still less to improve." His eleven-volume edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1843, contains between fifty and sixty plays, and also some poems. But three critical editions had been hitherto attempted. The text of these was very defective. Mr. Dyce, in his preface (p. iii.) says: "The text of the edition which I now submit to the public is formed from a minute collation of all the early copies." There is a biographical sketch of Beaumont and Fletcher. Each play is preceded by a critical introduction, in some cases quite extended, and is followed by numerous and elaborate notes. Of this work the *London Literary Gazette* says: "The acknowledged reputation of Mr. Dyce as a reformer of corrupt texts is too widely extended to be increased by our eulogy—suffice it then to state that he has spared neither industry nor pains to produce a perfect copy of these immortal dramas." Mr. Dyce's editions of the other Elizabethan dramatists are equally perfect.

From what has been said it will be perceived that few men had a better training for the work of editing Shakespeare than Alexander Dyce. He was profoundly learned in old English literature. His critical faculty was developed by practice to a very high degree. His mental equipment for this work was well-nigh perfect. His edition of Shakespeare fulfils all expectations which such a career would lead, and among the valuable and scholarly editions of the great dramatist which we possess, Dr. Dyce's will always remain. It is Mr. Dyce's greatest, best, and most enduring work. It displays in their highest degree his sound literary judgment, his critical acumen, his profound scholarship. The first edition of the Shakespeare appeared in 1857, and was dedicated to "John Foster, Esq., Historian, Biographer, and Critic . . . In grateful acknowledgment of the Zeal with which He Promoted its Publication." On one of the preliminary pages is an engraving of the Stratford bust. In the preface he gives some account of the first and second folios, and discusses the emendations of Collier, "Manuscript Corrector." There is also a sketch of Shakespeare's life. He then gives the arrangement with Mr. Moxon, the publisher, as to the plan of the work, viz., "that I should merely revise the text, without adding notes of any kind. But it soon became evident that, though notes explanatory of words, manners, customs, etc., might not be essentially necessary . . .

yet notes regarding the formation of the text were indispensable. Hence it is that an edition originally meant to be entirely free from annotation comprises a considerable quantity of notes." These notes were published not at the bottom of the page, but at the end of each play. Of this edition the *Athenæum* (January 16, 1858) says: "A new editor—not at all like our imaginary one—is in the field; a veteran in Elizabethan lore. Mr. Dyce had prepared himself for his new labors by a long and visible activity among Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. That activity had been wise and fruitful. Searching criticism might find some flaws in Mr. Dyce's labors—defects, mistakes, omissions—yet, on the whole, we feel grateful for what he has done, especially in editing poets such as Peele and Webster, whose works had not been previously collected. . . . We have often found comfort in his industry and care. . . . What, then, the reader may inquire, distinguishes Mr. Dyce's edition from the multitude of hot and quarrelsome volumes bearing the name of our 'gentle' Shakespeare? This happy circumstance: the notes, with their sound and fury, their insinuations, their insults, and their imputations, come after the play, like the old tabors, tomfoolery and tobacco at the Globe or Blackfriars."

In 1864 appeared the second edition of the same work. In some respects this differed very materially from the first edition. In the preface Mr. Dyce says: "The present work is so far from being a reprint of the edition which appeared in 1857, that it exhibits a text altered and amended from beginning to end. Throughout the former edition, influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by the example of Malone and of some later editors (whom the overboldness of Pope, Theobald, Hamner, etc., had rendered over-cautious), I was content to allow readings of a much more than doubtful character to retain their places in the text, provided I made mention in the notes how a considerable portion of them had been corrected by critical conjecture. Of the impropriety of such a plan, as tending only to perpetuate error, I am now fully convinced. In short, I now believe that an exact reprint of the old text with its multifarious errors forms a more valuable contribution to literature than a semi-corrected text, which, purged here and there of the grossest blunders, continues still, almost in every page, to offend against sense and metre. . . . I would fain hope that, in ceasing to be a timid editor, I have not become a rash one." He then proceeds to give examples of emendations from other editors and from his own edition.

The change between the first and second editions in the text necessitated considerable alteration also in the notes. Mr. Dyce says: "The present edition (1864) differs from the former as much in the notes as in the text." Following the preface is a disquisition on the metre, and a life of Shakespeare, covering one hundred and thirty-one pages. After this is an appendix containing copies of Shakespeare's

"Will," documents relating to the theatres, commendatory verses from the First Folio, and also a statement of the quarto editions. Then follows the plays, beginning with the *Tempest*. Each play is preceded by a brief note touching the date and plot, and is followed by the explanatory notes.

Volume III. has specimens of four signatures of William Shakespeare:

1. From the Indenture of Conveyance, March 10, 1612-13.
2. From the Mortgage, March 11, 1612-13.
3. From the Will in the Prerogative Office.
4. From the Fly-Leaf of Florio's Translation of Montaigne's Essays, Ed. 1603, in the British Museum.

The title-pages of volumes I. to VII. state the edition is in eight volumes. On the title-page of Volume VIII. it is altered to "In Nine Volumes," and on the preliminary page is this Notice: "In consequence of the length to which the *Glossary* has run, it has been judged expedient to issue it as a separate volume; so that the edition will now consist of 9 volumes instead of 8, as originally proposed." The Preface to Volume IX. states it is "a Glossary of uncommon words, of less uncommon words in their different significations, of passages which convey an obscure or doubtful sense, of proverbial expressions, of cant phrases, of manners and customs, of games and sports, of dresses and weapons, and of numerous allusions with which only archæologists and antiquaries are supposed to be familiar." The third edition was brought out by John Foster after Mr. Dyce's death. Mr. Foster confines himself to seeing it through the press, but does not of course charge himself further. As to the text of this edition, Mr. Dyce's labors manifest care, accuracy, scholarship. No matter how correct the emendations may be, they are subject to the insuperable objection—in my opinion an almost fatal defect—viz., that we have, not Shakespeare's text, but Mr. Dyce's opinion of Shakespeare's text. These efforts to amend the old text remind one of the attempts of some modern painter to restore a faded picture of one of the great masters; or of the work of some vandal architect, who will pull down an old building rich in association with the history, poetry, literature, art of a nation, in order to erect a more modern structure. Such efforts are blighting and destructive. The original texts of Shakespeare's plays, both quarto and folio, have many and grievous imperfections, but we have in them the plays as they were printed in Shakespeare's day, or a very few years after his death, by his fellow actors and editors. On some of these quartos doubtless the eyes of the great dramatist had looked. On the folio edition the loving and reverent work of Heminge and Condell was expended. These texts are sacred, and they alone are the ones needed by all critical scholars as the basis of their studies. This fact has been recognized by the General Editor of the Bankside, who, by

that edition, has placed all Shakespeareans under lasting obligation to himself. Mr. Dyce, in his first edition, made few alterations in the text, as that had been printed in Malone and earlier editions. In the second edition his revisions were more numerous and more radical. Doubtless, had he lived a few years longer, he would have preferred a reprint of the original folio. His preface to the second edition, previously quoted, seems to point that way. Mr. Dyce's *Notes* manifest the same ripe scholarship. Of course he was not infallible. Mr. Richard Grant White criticises as follows the note on the phrase "flame-colored stock" * (*Twelfth Night*, I., 3): "Mr. Dyce's remark that Sir Andrew, a gallant of the first water, should ever dream of casing his leg in a 'dun-colored sock' is not to be supposed for a moment. I do not mean to say that *dun'd* should be changed to *dun*; but if Mr. Dyce will but look through old illuminations, tapestries, and the like, he will find that dun-colored hose were much affected by gallants of the first water three or four hundred years ago." † Mr. White excelled in these minute points, but of course any amount of these would not throw discredit on Dr. Dyce's brief and learned notes. It is the accumulation of notes on the plays which constitutes the value of the marred editions.

For the *Glossary* I have only words of praise. It is very useful to the ordinary reader or casual student. There are later works on the subjects commented on which are more profound and more voluminous, but for the average student Mr. Dyce's *Glossary* is sufficient.

I have not attempted to write a biography of Mr. Dyce, nor to give a detailed account of his literary labors. I have referred to those subjects only in so far as they related to his Shakespearean work. His edition of Shakespeare is his great work, and will be to his memory a lasting and worthy monument.

WM. H. FLEMING.

* Dyce, 2d edition, Vol. III., p. 333. Also p. 399.

† White, "Shakespeare Scholar," p. 283.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE first Shakespeare Society ever established within the territory of what is now the United States was organized by Major John André, and certain of his fellow-officers, then in barrack in the city of New York during the winter of 1779. Although called "The Shakespeare Society," it was more of a private theatrical society, and its proceedings were altogether to furnish to the British officers and the pretty New York girls entertainment for the long winter evenings. Doubtless Shakespearian as well as other plays may have been rendered by the Society, but the tastes of the time would probably have inclined it to more recent comedy, and of course no records of the first New York Shakespeare Society are in existence. It probably was forgotten in the opening of the spring campaign, and in the tragic but inevitable death of the brilliant young officer on Traitor's Hill, at Tappan-on-Hudson.

The next Shakespeare Society in New York City was equally short-lived, though established under more agreeable auspices. Its records are not, so far as we know, extant. It is known to have been organized in the city of New York in the winter of 1787, and its President or General Manager was Robert Benson, who lived near what is now the corner of Thomas Street and Broadway. Its purposes seem to have been a reading of the plays coupled with social relaxation.

Of the third New York Shakespeare Society, the records are still extant and in the possession (as we understand) of a member of the present "Shakespeare Society of New York," which was incorporated in April, 1885. This Society was organized April 23, 1852, at the College Hotel, better known as Sanderson's Hotel, which stood at what is now Nos. 28 and 30 Murray Street. The organizers were William E. Burton, George W. Curtis, Richard Grant White, James F. Otis, Robert Balmanno, John Allan, and John Keese, Esqs., who placed Mr. Keese in the chair and made Mr. Balmanno Secretary *pro tem*. A letter from Washington Irving declining the Presidency of the Society, Mr. William E. Burton was elected President, and Mr. Balmanno continued as Secretary. At a subsequent meeting Louis Gaylord Clark, Charles A. Dana, Hiram Fuller, James M. Sanderson, and James H. Sanford, Esqs., were admitted to membership, and ultimately the membership was farther augmented by the admission of Cornelius Grinnell, Charles L. Elliot, Charles P. Daly, John C. Lock, Parke Godwin, Gulian C. Verplanck, William Rufus Blake, James W. Wallack, Jr., Charles Gayler, James F. Ruggles, Frederick S. Cozzens,

Robert M. C. Graham, all well-known New York names. The list of Honorary Members was, so far as the records proceed, as follows: Washington Irving, Lord Ellesmere, Mary Cowden Clarke, John Gray. The Society very sensibly decided that their celebrations should become pleasures and not pains, and as much in the vein of Shakespeare himself as possible, who loved a good dinner and didn't get thinner on tankards of ale and sack and sugar, at the Tabard, the Mermaid, and the Triple Tun, and at once elected a steward—Mr. John Sanderson, the landlord of the College Hotel (so called from its proximity to Columbia College—a nomination which the officers and students of that Society did not fail to compliment by many a resort to its "old boxes, larded with the steam of forty thousand dinners").

The programme of the Society consisted of monthly dinners at the College Hotel or elsewhere in the city during the season, and at some country resort during the summer months, at which each member should defray the cost of his own dinner, and might—also at his own cost—introduce a friend who would be congenial to the other members; under which rule we find John Brougham dining with the Club held at Fort Hamilton, June 18, 1853. A Summer Festival and a Mulberry Feast (this latter was proposed by Mr. Richard Grant White and heartily adopted), to be held during the season of mulberries, and to which the wives of members were to be admitted. The first (and last) of these feasts was accordingly held at the Rosary, Glen Cove, Long Island, July 23d, 1853. This programme appears to have been carried out with extraordinary pertinacity; the dinners were all eaten and the festival held for a single year—or until Saturday, August 20, 1853, when the Society met at Snedeker's Tavern, near Jamaica, Long Island. Unfortunately, this dinner at Snedeker's—at which Mr. Burton presided, and to which Mr. Grant White, Gaylor, Fuller, Otis, Balmanno and Sanderson sat down—appears to have ended the Society's proceedings, for beyond it no record of this third New York Shakespeare Society is anywhere discoverable. Whether, like the Society upon the Stanislaus, it perished by reason of unreportable matter under a suspension of the rules, or otherwise, no record anywhere appears.

The fourth organization, "The Shakespeare Society of the City of New York," was organized February 12, 1873, and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, April 23, 1873.

Officers, 1873-4: President, George Edgar; Vice-President, Mrs. Henry A. Topham; Secretary, Miss E. Cavannah; Treasurer, Mr. E. Y. Ten Eyck; Librarian, Rev. C. T. Woodruff; Council, Rev. I. W. Shakelford, D.D., Hon. E. I. Pattison, Hon. Rufus B. Cowing, Mrs. R. B. Hilliard, Miss E. A. Blackwell, Mrs. E. Y. Ten Eyck.

The business and objects of the Society were the promotion of the study of the works of Shakespeare and of contemporary authors, and of books illustrative of Shakespeare and the literature of his time;

the collection of a Shakespeare Library and the cultivation generally of a literary taste among members. The number of trustees of the Society was eleven, consisting of the officers and six members, constituting the council who held office for the first year of the Society. The annual meetings were held on the evening of April 23d, unless it fell on Sunday; the regular meeting on Monday evening of each week, and the business meetings on the first of each month. There were appointed by the President the following committees, consisting of three persons each, viz., on Finance, Reading, Receptions, Lectures and Entertainments, Membership.

The fifth organization to be formed in the City of New York was the present "Fortnightly Shakespeare Club," which was founded by Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl in 1875, who is to-day still, after sixteen years of efficient service, its President, Mrs. Marguerite Ravenhill being Vice-President, and Miss N. C. West its Secretary. As all the prior societies had in the course of things perished or fallen into desuetude, it can at present claim to be the veteran club of New York City. Its purposes are the reading and study of the plays and social relaxation.

In point of time, therefore, the "Shakespeare Society of New York" is the sixth to be organized in the city; its scheme, however, being entirely different from all of its predecessors, admitting members from throughout the United States and Canada, and honorary memberships from all other countries. It is not social, or, in the sense of the foregoing, for special study; but—as its charter states, and as has been so often explained in these columns—for the publication of original papers, and the preservation of such Shakespearian material as may be decided to be worthy, and of which the unique and costly "Bankside" is and always will remain its enduring monument. Its sessions are held in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, in the city of New York.

The "Shakespeare Club of New York City" was founded in 1889 by Mrs. M. F. Hoagland, and received incorporation from the State of New York in the year following. Its present officers are Frederick G. Smedley, Esq., President; W. B. Davenport, Secretary. It is thus the seventh in point of time. Its purposes are studious and social, holding weekly study meetings during the fall and winter at the Berkeley Lyceum in the city of New York, and monthly receptions, when the exercises are musical and literary, as well as special to its purposes.

Directly similar in scope—the eighth in course—is "The Avon Club," founded in 1890 by Mrs. M. F. Hoagland, of which Mrs. C. de M. Lozier is President, Mrs. M. F. Hoagland Director of Studies. Thus there are at present four flourishing Shakespeare Societies in New York City working side by side in perfect accord and sympathy, all doing good work in zealous and untiring activity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- (32) *THE TWO LOST CENTURIES OF BRITAIN.* By Wm. H. Babcock. 12mo, cloth, pp. 240. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- (34) *ENGLISH-ESKIMO AND ESKIMO-ENGLISH VOCABULARIES.* Compiled by Ensign Roger Wells Jr., U. S. N., and Interpreter John W. Kelly. Preceded by *Ethnographical Memoranda concerning the Arctic Eskimos in Alaska and Siberia.* By John W. Kelly. 8vo, paper, pp. 71. Washington: The Bureau of Education, 1890.
- (40) *CLEOPATRA. A Study* by Henry Houssaye. Translated from the French by A. F. D. (Authorized edition.) 16mo, paper, pp. 106. New York: Duprat & Co.
- (43) *THE EARLIER HISTORY OF ENGLISH BOOKSELLING.* By William Roberts. 12mo, cloth, pp. 341. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.
- (44) *HENRICK IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.* Edited by William Archer. Authorized English edition. Vol. IV., *Emperor and Galian; Cæsar's Apostasy; The Emperor Julian.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 353. New York: Scribner & Welford.
- (46) *EMINENT ACTOR SERIES.* Thomas Betterton. By Robert W. Lowe. 12mo, pp. 196. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- (47) *THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.* Sq. 16mo, limp morocco, gilt edges, pp. 250. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- (50) *STUDIES IN LITERATURE.* By John Morley. 12mo, pp. 344. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- (52) *THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.* The Works of Shakespeare. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Vol. I., *The Tempest; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; The Merry Wives of Windsor; Measure for Measure; The Comedy of Errors.* Royal 8vo, pp. 520. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- (56) *OUR MOTHER TONGUE.* By Theodore H. Mead. 16mo, cloth, pp. 328. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
- (57) *ENGLISH CLASSICS FOR SCHOOL READING.* Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, cloth, pp. 269. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- (58) *THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.* The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Aldis Wright. In nine volumes. Vol. II. Cloth, royal 8vo, pp. 565. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- (59) *SHAKESPEARE'S CORIOLANUS.* With an Introduction and Notes by K. Deighton. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 246. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- (60) *THE STAGE HISTORY OF FAMOUS PLAYS.* Hamlet from an Actor's Standpoint. Its Representatives and a Comparison of their Performance. By Henry P. Phelps, author of "The Players of a Century." 12mo, cloth, pp. 70. Portraits. New York: Edgar S. Werner, 1890.

(61) EMINENT ACTORS SERIES. Macklin. 12mo, cloth, pp. 208. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

(62) CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, Clerk, Before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-Stealing on the Nineteenth Day of September, in the Year of Grace 1582. Now first published from original papers. To which is added A Conference of Master Edward Spencer, a gentleman of note, with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland A. D. 1595. By Walter Savage Landor. With an Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. 12mo, pp. 229, embossed cloth. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

(63) THE BANKSIDE-GLOBE CONCORDANCE. Compiled by Mrs. Charles W. Thomas. With an Essay by Hon. Alvey A. Adey on the Value of a Reference Canon on the Plays. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. Advance sheets.

(64) BALAAM AND HIS MASTER. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press.

(65) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. His Poems, Sonnets and Dedication. By Louis Direy. Poverty Bay, New Zealand, 1890. 16mo, paper, pp. 25.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

(62) Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have certainly put the famous "Citation" into the most beautiful form it has ever occupied. The book is a delight. In buff covers, bevelled and stamped with the triple plume, with the perfection of paper and type, it is a triumph of the bookmaking art. For the rest it is not necessary to dwell on the bold and striking conception of the work, the perfect counterfeit of the Elizabethan speech of the noble Sir Thomas, and the argot, still Elizabethan, of the arraigned delinquents. Of Mr. Mabie's introduction the only good thing that can be said is that it is brief. To have attempted any illustration, Mr. Mabie, not being an Elizabethan or a Shakespearian, would have been beyond his depth; so his introduction, while quite unnecessary and altogether superfluous, and not informative in any respect, is at least no detriment to the perfect little book.

Of the exact value of this piece of work of Landor's there is a good deal to be said. Our contemporary, the *Tribune*, is not, for one, in doubt as to the performance. It says: "There may have been a time when this fanciful production was held in high esteem, but it is questionable whether any sincere student of Shakespeare ever considered it a masterpiece. The truth is that while it has wit and some humor, it is tiresomely diffuse, and wholly out of keeping with the period and the persons intended to be reproduced in it. In the Shakespeare of Landor there is no faintest suggestion of the Shakespeare reflected in the dramas, and the Sir Thomas Lucy is surely not at all the knight of the tradition. Landor has erred in over-refinement. He has polished his characters out of knowledge. We are disposed to regard Sir Silas, the fanatical old Puritan divine who would rather go to his dinner than prolong the already wearisome examination of the too-poetical young deer-stealer, as the one natural conception in the piece, and certainly Sir Silas is not a pleasing portrait by any means. Indeed, we may be tolerably sure that no such examination could possibly have been held under the actual circumstances; that no such Shakespeare as Landor paints, no such Sir Thomas Lucy, no such Euseby Treem, no such Joseph Carnaby, ever had a local habitation or a name. But if this indictment holds good, wherein lies the merit of Landor's experiment? In his 'Conversations' he introduces us to people whose ways of thought and speech harmonize with what we know of their real namesakes. But here the case is quite different. We fail to recognize, to identify the Shakespeare of the plays and poems and of tradition with Landor's fantastic and artificial creation. As to Sir Thomas Lucy, his long-winded disquisitions are all but unendurable, and he is as unlike the Shakespeare Lucy as possible. It is, in fact, Hyperion to a Satyr. For a frank fool we are given a cross between pedant and imbecile, such as no age or country has hitherto produced; and though in a certain sense original, the fellow is none the less an unmitigated bore. Supposing the author's attempt to have aimed at facetiousness, failure is the only rational judgment to be registered against it. As a reproduction or reminder in any way of the men whose names are used in the paper, nothing could be further from

verisimilitude. Landor's memory is not honored by pretending to receive such stuff as bearing the imprint of genius. He did good work in his day, but this is not of it."

This is drastic and nonchalant. But it is doubtless the truth. The only value to scholars, after all, of this work of Landor's, is in its preservation of the conceit of Elizabethan speech. But for this Sir Edward Hamley's *Shakespeare's Funeral* is certainly quite as accurate, much shorter, and certainly more piquant and readable.

(60) While the play of *Hamlet* has the most remarkable stage history known to the drama of any age or any country, until now no very ambitious attempt has been made to collect the views of the actors themselves upon this much-discussed character—not the views of the actor as an essayist, but as a performer. The view from the closet is common, that from behind the foot-lights has not been so much attended to. Mr. Phelps claims to give a concise account of the famous Hamlets from Richard Burbage to Edwin Booth, including Betterton, Garrick, Edmund and Charles Kean, John and Charles Kemble, Macready, the elder Booth, Forrest, Fechter, Salvini, Rossi, Irving and Wilson Barrett, and many others.

The compiler also, scene by scene, aims to show how different actors have treated the same situations, and the result is a very interesting volume indeed. Of course it is entirely a compilation. (Also, we may add, a very industrious one.) And while the Index shows that many of the quotations are not from authorities or from writers of any particular weight, none of the real authorities are neglected. A thing is not necessarily valueless because said by a newspaper dramatic critic. Under the head of "The Songs and Music" (page 165), quotation is made at some length from an instructive paper in *Harper's Magazine*, upon whose authority (the writer's name is not given) we learn that the airs which Ophelia sings are noted from memory of Mr. Jordan's rendering: the "copy" of them having been burned at Drury Lane in 1812.

(63) Mrs. Charles W. Thomas, wife of the accomplished President of the Mutual Club of Woodland, California, who is himself one of the Bankside Editors (having undertaken the second and third *Henry VI.* in that noble work), has prepared a volume to be issued supplemental to the edition, and which will be of the greatest value, not only to subscribers to the edition itself, but to Shakespearian scholars everywhere.

In this volume the line numbering of the Bankside is paralleled with the Globe line numbering, so that a glance at the entry will enable the reader to see the transmutations of the text, involuntary by the printers and critical by the editors who followed or corrected them. If one studies the text as it is given in the First Quarto and the Folio of 1623, comparing it with that of any of the modern editions, he will get a perfect idea of the extent to which the liberty of successive editors has gone, until it becomes quite as gratuitous as the license of the alleged blundering compositors. Such a study might conduce somewhat to the proper allowance which should be made when the question of verbalism is discussed.

This volume will contain about 125 pages, and will follow the subscription to the Bankside sets, but will be also printed in an extra volume, and sold unnumbered, at \$2.50, the regular price, by the New

York Shakespeare Society and its agents. Mr. Lawrence, however desires us to state that applications for this concordance should reach him as early as possible, that volumes may be sent out in the order of applications received as soon as the volume is completed.

THE BIRTHPLACE TRUST A LAW.

ON Friday, March 27, 1891, the bill creating THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHPLACE TRUST ACT (which was printed in full in our issue of April, 1891) was passed by the British Parliament and received the Royal assent. It is what is called a private act, but its character and interest are such that it deserves more prominence than this class of acts generally receives. The full title of the act is "An act to incorporate the trustees and guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace, and to vest in them certain lands and other property in Stratford-upon-Avon, including the property known as Shakespeare's Birthplace, and to provide for the maintenance in connection therewith of a library and museum, and for other purposes." The preamble recites the various deeds by which the birthplace and New Place were originally acquired, that the trustees had a surplus fund in hand, that doubts had arisen as to the validity of the conveyances of the properties in perpetuity, and finally, that it was expedient that such doubts should be removed, and that the national trust should be established on a permanent basis, with proper provisions for carrying it into effect, by maintaining the properties and enlarging and improving the library and museum collections, and by acquiring any houses and lands which are of national interest as having Shakespearian associations.

The purposes of the trust created, as set out by section 3, are to maintain the trust estate—namely, Shakespeare's Birthplace, and New Place, his Stratford-upon-Avon residence, described by Leland, who visited Stratford about the year 1540, as "a praty house of bricke and tymbre," and the library and museum and their contents, and to apply the trust moneys, the stocks and funds now in the hands of the trustees representing accumulated profits, and amounting to a little over \$3000, in keeping up in fit and proper order as a permanent and national memorial of Shakespeare the said trust estate, and to enlarge the collections in the library and museum, and to acquire, as opportunity may arise, any houses or lands associated with the life of the poet, or his wife or parents. The next clause appoints the trustees, whose names, as they have been recently given, we will not repeat. They are constituted a body corporate by the name of "The Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace," and they are to have a common seal, and power is given them to purchase, hold and dispose of real estate. Clause 5 transfers the trust estate, with the library and museum and everything contained therein, and the securities for money, to and vests them in the said trustees; while clause 6 authorizes the trustees to receive devises, bequests, donations and subscriptions of land, buildings, money, manuscripts, books, pictures and objects of art or antiquity, illustrative of the life, times and works of Shakespeare, and further empowers them out of surplus moneys to

purchase such manuscripts, books, etc., and to purchase as and when opportunity shall arise, and thereafter to keep in repair, in the form and manner as nearly as may be of their original construction and arrangement, the cottage at Shottery known as the cottage of Anne Hathaway, and also the house at Wilmcote known as the house of Mary Arden, the poet's mother, and any other property known or believed to have belonged to the great dramatist, or his wife or parents. By clause 8 the trustees are empowered to make reasonable charges for admission to the birthplace and other the properties, and provision is made for the diminution, suspension or abolition of such charges upon a sufficient accumulation of the trust funds.

The remaining clauses contain powers for the trustees to appoint custodians, librarian and other officers, to make regulations, and to appoint an executive committee of their own body, and provisions for the election of future life trustees, the meetings of the trustees, and the keeping of accounts.

In the month of September, 1847, the famous auctioneer, Mr. Robins, offered for sale by public auction the birthplace, which he described as "the truly heart-stirring relic of a most glorious period and of England's immortal bard," adding, in the descriptive particulars, "It is surprising, it must be confessed, that a national relic or monument possessing such intense interest to the country should not have been more strictly guarded from the possibility of injury, or indeed have become national property."

It was not until the late Mr. Barnum, however, actually completed a contract for purchasing the Birthplace, and had arranged to bring it bodily to the United States, that the British apathy was sufficiently disturbed, and measures taken leading to the preservation of the property, and so ultimately to the present act of Parliament. Upon this matter the entire English-speaking world—if we except our good friend Dr. W. J. Rolfe and the vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon (who guarantee each other with a delightful *bonhomme*, if we are not deceived by the files of the *New York Critic*)—are now at perfect accord. The Rev. George Arbuthnot does not, it appears, consider it worth while to even protect the bust of Shakespeare from possible injury when workmen are pounding down the walls around it, and Dr. Rolfe pleasantly italicizes that, since it does not appear that the bust *was* injured, any complaint as to this procedure on the part of the vicar is officious and comes from strangers—mere tourists—who are jealous of Mr. Arbuthnot. The good Doctor does not tell us why mere tourists and strangers are jealous of a vicar—it would be probably "officious" in us to inquire. But if Dr. Rolfe takes the same care of the bric-à-brac in his pleasant study at Cambridge, Massachusetts, that he finds commendable in Mr. Arbuthnot's guardianship of the only contemporary effigy of the dramatist whose plays Dr. Rolfe so conscientiously edits, Dr. Rolfe's heirs, successors and assigns may some day miss the integrity of some of that bric-à-brac. Meanwhile THE AVON CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY does not appear to share Dr. Rolfe's delightful confidence in the Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot, and has transmitted to the Bishop of Worcester the following preamble and resolutions, viz.:

"WHEREAS, The alterations and restorations of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon are being much discussed by the press and Shakespearian scholars; therefore

"BE IT RESOLVED: 1. That the AVON CLUB OF NEW YORK

CITY sincerely deprecates any changes which would destroy, or mar, or jeopardize in the slightest degree any part of that venerable edifice, or any relic or monument of the great poet.

"2. That the members of the AVON CLUB respectfully and earnestly request those in authority in this matter to exercise a restraining influence upon any parties—whatever their authority or official title—whose zeal for innovation exceeds their reverent appreciation of the precious relics enshrined within the sacred walls of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-upon-Avon.

"(Signed)

J. DE LA M. LOZIER, M.D., *President.*

M. E. HERRICK, *Secretary.*"

MISCELLANY.

IT is just as well that the *Journal of the Bacon Society* is still alive, for matter still appears to accrue which it might attend to, and besides, it has not yet heard of Dr. Nicholson's "Cipher," which reads divers interesting items out of the First Folio by means of the industrious Donnelly's "root numbers" and "modifiers." And now comes other grist for its mill. In the late W. D. O'Connor's "Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers" Mr. O'Connor assumed a great deal of capital out of the fact that "George Parker Bidder" and "Professor Elias Colbert" had said that Donnelly's figures proved themselves: and then Mr. O'Connor proceeded (p. 15): "Here then was additional and incontestible proof that Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram was neither a delusion nor a fraud, but a reality. The finding rested now upon the perfect knowledge and unquestioned integrity of two eminent men, widely removed from each other. Under these circumstances it is nothing but folly or impudence in any reviewer to deny evidence which is not based on opinion but certainty. The existence of the Baconian cipher in the Shakespeare text, in view of the decision of persons who are authorities, is no longer a hypothesis; it is a fact!"

Surely there was no uncertain ring about Mr. O'Connor's guarantee, though we are unaware that anybody paid any attention to it. Professor Freeman of Madison, however, who has been amusing himself by cataloguing the blunders in history and other matters of record which Donnelly has committed in his big book, has at last got as far as this sentence, to which he pays his compliments as follows:

"Mr. Donnelly quoted in support of the cipher question two (as he said) eminent mathematicians. One was 'George Parker Bidder, of England.' I have asked the most noted mathematicians in this country if they had ever heard of such a man, and received the invariable response that they had not. He might be a bidder for notoriety, but evidently not the highest bidder, for nothing had been struck off to him. The other, 'Professor Elias Colbert,' I have known for years, have been his neighbor in fact. I called on this Colbert recently and asked him if he had read the great cryptogram.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'How could you?'

"'Well, I was paid to.'

"'Do you think there is a cipher in the plays?'

"Well, I did think there was in one play, when I read the 'book.'

"Do you think so now?"

"Well, I thought so when I read the book.'

"Do you think so now?"

"I tell you that I thought so at that time, but I always thought that Shakespeare wrote all the plays, and I told Mr. Donnelly that I thought Bacon put a cipher in one of the plays for the purpose of stealing the credit of writing it.' "

POOR MR. O'CONNOR died too soon to read the proof (see SHAKESPEARIANA, this vol., ante, p. 44) that the Tobie Matthew postscript had no reference to Shakespeare, or of Mr. Waites's industrious work with the scribbled page of the Northumberland manuscript, in which, whatever argument can be drawn from the presence there of the names of Shakespeare and of certain of his plays, is entirely destroyed by Mr. Waites's discovery there also of the name of Thomas Nast, and of one of *his* plays (*The Isle of Dogs*)!

POOR IGNATIUS DONNELLY seems hardly able, in his passion for destruction, to have found anybody besides O'Connor and Mrs. Pott to take him seriously! He has submerged the continent of Atlantis, unpeopled the earth with a comet, tumbled Shakespeare from his throne, and in his lurid novel, "Cæsar's Column," wiped Capital from the universe! Whether in the realm of print or in the Minnesota Legislature, his idea has been to grapple with whatever Is, and, like his prototype Micawber, floor it! And yet railroads still are operated, Capital still pays cash to the laborer and supports the families he begets, suns rise and set, grass grows, water runs, and Shakespeare is still called Shakespeare! It is only justice to add, however, that Messrs. F. J. Schulté & Co., publishers, of Chicago, have a volume in press (it is by Mrs. Pott) which—this time—will settle Shakespeare forever (that is, if anybody will read it), and so satisfy at least one department of Donnelly's appetite for cataclysm!

DR. W. B. DAVENPORT, Secretary of the Shakespeare Club of New York City, reports that its season, ending April 23, 1891, has been the most successful and encouraging of the Club's career. Twenty-four meetings for the reading, study and discussion of Shakespeare's plays were held in the Berkeley Lyceum. Four receptions were held by the Club; the last one taking place at the Hotel Marlborough, on April 23.

Papers were read as follows:

"Shakespearian Fools," by F. G. Smedley, President. "*Twelfth Night*" and "*The Rivals*," by Mr. John De Witt Warner. "The Moral Aspects of *The Merchant of Venice*," by Mr. Eugene Frayer. "Historical Fools," by Miss M. V. Worstell. "The Biblical Allusions in *Macbeth*" and "The Biblical Allusions in *As You Like It*," by Mrs. J. De Witt Warner. "The Folk-Lore of *Macbeth*," by Mr. Lee J. Vance. "The Classical and Mythical Allusions in *Macbeth*," by Mr. Eugene Frayer. "Lady *Macbeth*," by Mrs. L. B. Briant. "The Supernatural in *Macbeth*," by Mr. John De Witt Warner. "The Natural History of *Macbeth*" and "The Natural History of *As You Like It*," by Mrs. F. C. Loveland. "The Parallelisms of Act III. of

Julius Cæsar," by Miss C. F. Doane. "The Parallelisms of Act I. of *As You Like It*," by Miss M. V. Worstell.

President Morgan, of the New York Shakespeare Society, addressed the Club, at its reception of March 30, on *Dialectic and Other Difficulties in the Plays*; and at the Club's annual meeting Frederick G. Smedley was re-elected President.

MRS. C. H. DALL writes to the *Springfield Republican* rather severely anent Mayor Walter's elegantly illustrated octavo "Shakespeare's True Life": "The book is gotten up in the most costly manner and is profusely illustrated. But for this it would not deserve a word at the critic's hands. As it is, the great majority of readers are so absolutely ignorant of what is really known and may be fairly presumed concerning Shakespeare, that it would seem worth while to draw attention to the worse than worthlessness of the pretentious volume. Its illustrations would be invaluable but for the two facts: First, a great many of them relate to Warwick and Warwickshire people, and are evidently costly reproductions of popular photographs which have no close relation to Shakespeare; and, second, those that have any real relation to the poet appear to be borrowed from Halliwell-Phillipps' pages. It seems incredible that Halliwell-Phillipps, generous as he was, should ever have loaned his plates to so fantastic a writer as James Walter. We must therefore suppose that they were unfairly obtained. As to the book itself, its pages bristle with assumptions and misstatements of which it will be sufficient to indicate a very few. On page 50 he asserts that at one time John Shakespeare occupied a farm at Clifford, but this has been distinctly disproved. I wish it had not, for as I fully believe that John Shakespeare was living in the county for some years, I should like to be able to fix on a locality. On page 60 he attributes to Judith Shakespeare's Puritanism the destruction of her father's manuscripts. There is no reason to suppose that Judith ever saw those papers. She certainly had no connection with the theatre, nor did she live at New Place. On page 55 he asserts that John Shakespeare was one of seven aldermen who could write their names. I wish he could prove it, but not one bit of evidence does he adduce. On pages 84, 104, 153, he treats us to a glowing account of Anne's marriage at the 'chantry' in Shottery, of the wedding breakfast at the King's Arms, the bedstead upon which Anne had been born, and the subsequent residence of the young couple at Shottery with Anne's mother! Young people who have read my little volume on 'What we really know about Shakespeare' cannot fail to remember how antagonistic these statements are to the ascertained facts, and every Shakespearian scholar must be aware that we do not even know whose child Anne Hathaway was. I, myself, believe her to have been a ward of Thomas Hathaway, apprenticed to John Shakespeare and employed by him in Stratford while he was still at a distant farm, but I cannot show any proof of it. The story of the marriage is an invention, pure and simple. So is his next assertion—that the poet studied law in the office of his father's attorney, Walter Roche. On page 330 he makes the unaccountable assertion that Shakespeare was not a professional actor! On page 342 he makes the still more incredible assertion that Shakespeare is known to have been at Bacon's 'St. Margaret' residence with Spenser, and that Shake-

speare and Bacon were engaged together in getting up one of Shakespeare's plays at Grey's Inn! How delighted the Baconians would be to prove this! He makes a suggestion that the persecution of the Shakespeare family by Sir Thomas Lucy was due to the connection with the Catholic family of the Ardens. I give a hint to this effect in my little volume, and I very much wish that Mr. Walter could show one how to prove it. But the most absurd of all his statements is that on page 364, to the effect that Queen Elizabeth offended Shakespeare by treating him as a mere 'player'—that she explained, but the poet never would forgive her. But it would be idle to follow the extraordinary excursions of Mr. Walter's fancy through the 600 or 700 pages that constitute his magnificent volume. A more worthless farago was never given to the printer, and I am thankful to believe it has had no sale.

Alluding to a communication from "abroad," in the *Springfield Republican*, Mrs. Dall trenchantly adds: "Your correspondent seems to have gone to Shottery, and to have fully believed the story that the ladies in charge are descended from Anne Hathaway's brother. In the same way a friend, recently visiting the spot, sent me a carefully pressed bunch of heart's-eases, gathered by the aged hands of Anne Hathaways 'great-grandniece'! A very 'great-grand' she must indeed be, whose nepotic strain has outlasted three centuries. The important point to be remembered is this—that while an early tradition connects Anne Hathaway with the cottage at Shottery, and while she was certainly known to a shepherd employed there, it is as certain as anything can be that she did not live there at the time of her marriage, and we positively know that she did not belong to the family that then occupied it. When Lady Barnard, the granddaughter of Shakespeare, made her will, she gave legacies to two or three Hathaway cousins. These cousins, at the middle of the seventeenth century, must have been, if the term cousins were strictly used, great-grandnieces of Anne Hathaway, but the most anxious inquiries of Halliwell-Phillipps were never able to trace them to the Shottery cottage."

This reminds of Washington Irving's landlady at the *White Hart*, who (Mr. Irving says) told him she was a descendant of Shakespeare so strenuously that Mr. Irving began to devoutly believe it, until she showed him some of her own poems, when he believed no longer!

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY earned long ago the thanks of all lovers of Shakespeare for his exquisite mountings of the Shakespeare comedies, and his achievements with *The Merry Wives*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It*, are of grateful record with us all. But the crown of his achievement is undoubtedly, under all the circumstances, his preparation of *Love's Labor's Lost*, for the enjoyment of a contemporaneous audience. Packed houses have witnessed this most difficult and *genre* play of Shakespeare's early youth, smacking everywhere of the laborious conceits of the euphuistic fashion of the times with an enthusiasm approaching the marvellous. Students know that this must mean a touch of masterly rearrangement by Mr. Daly. It gives us the greatest pleasure, therefore, to pay Mr. Daly the compliment of reproducing Mr. William Winters's review in the New York *Tribune* of the presentation of the week beginning March 28, 1891, as follows:

"In Daly's Theatre last night the long-expected Shakespeare revival was accomplished, and a numerous audience saw with manifest pleasure a rich and beautiful production of one of the sweetest and most interesting comedies in our language—the comedy of *Love's Labor's Lost*. This piece, in its original form, is much overlaid with rhymed passages, irregular and variable as to versification, and this peculiarity, combined with literary conceits and elaborate artifices of expression, imparts to it a character of affectation. One part of its author's plan was to satirize the artificial manner of speech—the euphuism—that prevailed in fine society in Queen Elizabeth's time, and this purpose he has accomplished at some sacrifice of dramatic point and brilliancy. For scenic investiture and theatrical representation, accordingly, the piece has to be freely cut and rearranged. It seems always to have been regarded as a play for the library rather than the stage. It may have been and probably was much admired by the audience in Shakespeare's day—although there is no record to that effect—but it was not revived in England during the period of theatrical enterprise subsequent to the Restoration; it was not touched by Garrick; and it seems to have lain disused until about fifty years ago, when the sumptuous Vestris and the enchanting Louisa Nisbett acted in it, in London, at Covent Garden. Phelps effected a revival of it, at Sadler's Wells, in 1857, and in the next year it was performed at the Arch, in Philadelphia. In 1874 Mr. Daly brought it forward once more, at his theatre, then called the Fifth Avenue and then situated in Twenty-eighth Street, and since that time it has slumbered. The same energetic manager reproduces it now. The version that he offers is his own, and it is an effective one—brisk in movement, pictorial in display, vivacious alike in talk and incident, and richly suffused with the rosy light of mirth.

"Mr. Daly has used scholarship, skill and taste in lopping away the undramatic portions of the original dialogue and in bringing close together all the effective ingredients of the comedy. He calls it a dainty comedy, and so it is; but in his arrangement of it the piece is more than dainty—it is sharp, incisive and brilliant with concentration of its satire, ludicrous with its eccentric humor, and lovely with poetic sentiment and romantic feeling. Veiled and entangled in a multitude of words, there was a dramatic structure in *Love's Labor's Lost*, and this has been liberated in the present treatment of it. Shakespeare could not have made the dramatic subservient to the literary element had he written this piece in his mature years. He would have fitted it for the stage, and what he would thus have done has to be attempted now. He wrote the play in his youth and, probably at a much earlier date than even the earliest that has been affixed to it. For a student of Shakespeare *Love's Labor's Lost* has, therefore, a peculiar significance and a special value. It is the exponent of his poetic young mind. It prefigures his mental drift. It may have been his first production. All of his subsequent comedies are more or less distinctly affiliated with it, in structure, character and incident. It shows the young eagle trying his wings. It shows, in their germs, the amazing powers that were one day to people the wood of Arden with images of poetic beauty, and at the same time were to create Falstaff. It strikes, at once and clearly, the note of wise playfulness, tender grace and fluent humor that was to sound throughout all his later comedies

and to authenticate them all as the work of one and the same matchless mind. Biron and Rosaline are the first draft of Benedict and Beatrice. Armado is the sketch for Malvolio. Dull is the outline of Dogberry. Holofernes is the prelude to Sir Hugh Evans. Jaquenetta contains, in little, both Maria and Audrey. The machinery of the garden scene and of the masquerade was used again, and with a firmer hand, in *Much Ado*. The farcical pageant of the Nine Worthies is repeated, in effect, in the scene that is the parent of all burlesque, the interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. *Love's Labor's Lost* surely was written as early as 1590, when Shakespeare was twenty-six years old (probably much earlier), and no doubt it was rewritten in part and augmented and improved eight years later; it came from the press in 1598, and it is the first of his plays that bore his name on the title-page as that of author. . . .

"When this play was presented by Mr. Daly in 1874 the cast included Mr. Harkins as Ferdinand, Mr. George Clarke as Biron, Mr. Louis James as Longaville, Mr. Conway as Dumain, Miss Dyas as the Princess, Miss Fanny Davenport as Rosaline, Miss Sarah Jewett as Maria, Miss Nina Varian as Katherine and Miss Nellie Mortimer as Jaquenetta. The present cast stands as follows:

Ferdinand,	Mr. Drew
Biron,	Mr. Clarke
Longaville,	Mr. Bosworth
Dumain,	Mr. Bowkett
Boyet,	Mr. Wheatleigh
Armado,	Mr. Herbert
Holofernes,	Mr. Edwards
Sir Nathaniel,	Mr. Leclercq
Costard,	Mr. Lewis
The Princess,	Miss Rehan
Rosaline,	Miss Crane
Katherine,	Miss Irving
Maria,	Miss Prince
Jaquenetta,	Miss Cheatham

"The parts in this comedy do not admit of large scope in acting. Mr. George Clarke, as Biron, however, took such excellent advantage of the opportunities provided for that character that his audience was charmed with a vein of vivacity steadily sustained; and for his various, eloquent, impassioned delivery of the great speech about woman, he was twice recalled with the heartiest enthusiasm. Ada Rehan, as the Princess, wore the royal state with gentle and gracious dignity, gave the playful lines with zest, and suffused the part with that peculiar air of soft enchantment which she can so readily assume and which her admiring public so well appreciates. The picture presented by the Princess and her ladies, when sitting by the lake shore and listening to the music, was one of especial loveliness. Miss Flossie Ethel, a clever child, made a special hit as the piquant and self-sufficient Moth, and Mr. Lewis gave excellent effect to the droll lines of Costard the Clown. There should be more of the saturnine mingled with the fantastic element in the personation of Armado by Mr. Herbert, which, however, had an exhilarating comic vitality, and there should be more nature, more triumphant exultation of youth and strength and animal spirits and joyous glee, in the embodiment of Rosaline by the handsome and interesting Miss Crane. All that can be made of Boyet's finical lines was duly made by Charles Wheatleigh,

and the audience specially felt the sincerity and good taste with which Mr. Bowkett acted Dumain. The scenic effects are rich and delicate—particularly the landscape at the beginning, and the tableau of mirth and spring at the end. Mr. Widmer has furnished new music which has the true Shakespearian feeling. Mr. Daly was loudly called for after the last curtain. The night was one of auspicious success."

APROPOS of Mr. Daly's revival we reproduce a piece of first-rate criticism from a member of the Seneca Falls Shakespeare Club, as follows:

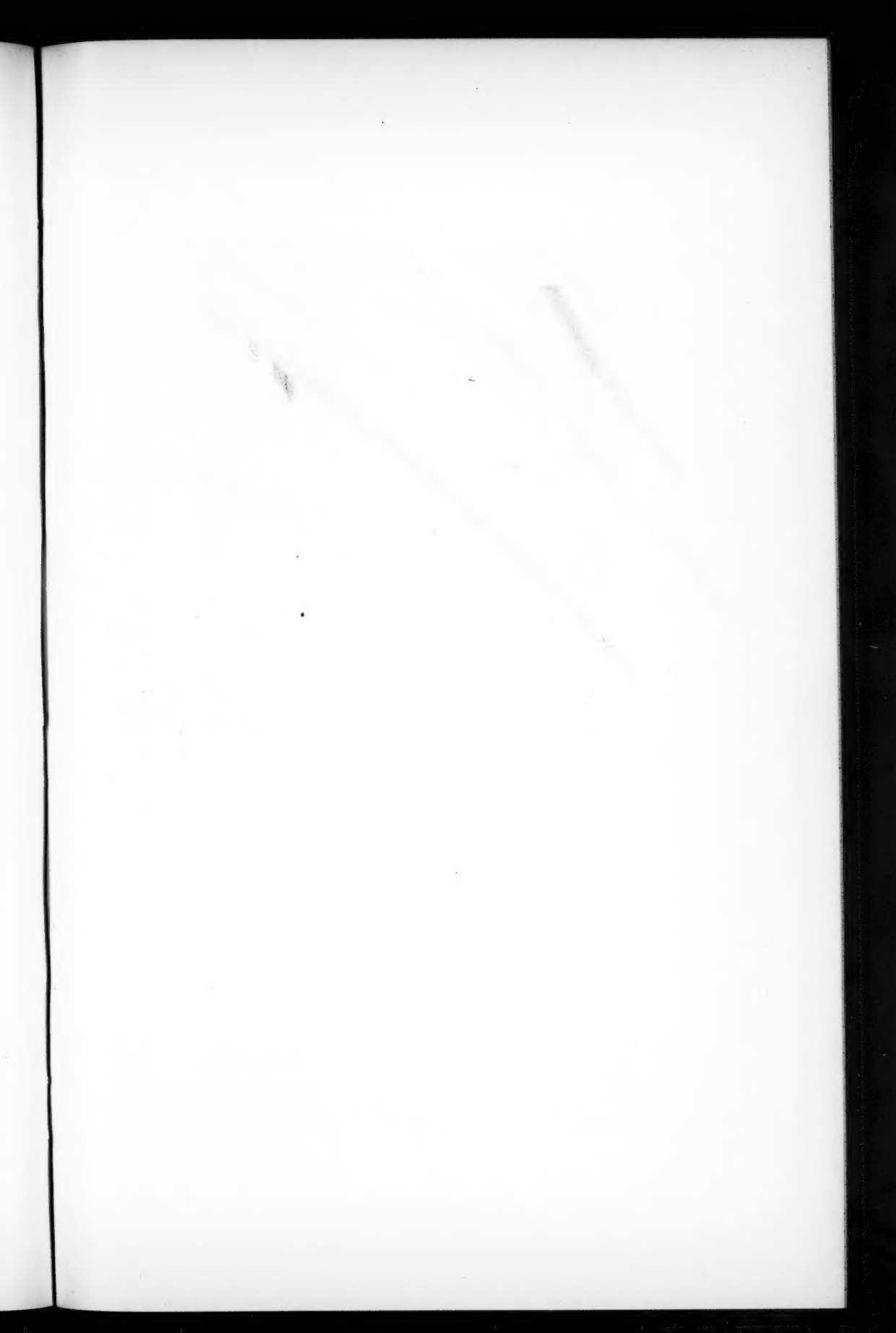
"May not the character of Holofernes be another instance of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Sidney? In 1578, ten years before the earliest date assigned to the play of *Love's Labor's Lost*, Sidney wrote a masque in Elizabeth's honor, called *The Lady of the May*. It was performed in the Queen's presence on the occasion of her visit to Wanstead House, Essex, where she was entertained by Leicester, Sidney's uncle. One of the characters is a pedantic schoolmaster named Rhombus, who addresses her majesty after this fashion:

"I am, potentissima domina, a schoolmaster, that is to say, a pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the juvenile fry. Wherein, to my laud I say it, I use such geometrical proportions as neither wanteth mansuetude nor correction, for so it is described—*"Parcare subjectos et debellare superbos."* . . . But what said that Trojan Æneas when he sojourned in the surging sulks of the sandiferous seas? *"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

"Rhombus 'affects the letter,' too, and 'surging sulks' is as good in its way as the extemporal epitaph on the pricket killed by the princess.

"As for the word 'Holofernes,' Shakespeare could have found it in the Apocrypha or in Rabelais, and it was not necessary to twist poor Florio's name even more than that of Arouet was to produce Voltaire. In personal appearance Holofernes was doubtless the exact counterpart of Scott's Elizabethan schoolmaster, Master Erasmus Holiday, in 'Kenilworth.' Some one has suggested that the pedagogue's prototype was Richard Mulcaster, first head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, and the master of Spenser, but for one I shall hold fast to Sidney's 'Rhombus.'"

. In view of the greatly reduced space at the disposal of the Editors, it is urgently requested that contributors refrain as much as possible from quotations from the Plays, referring instead to passages in point by the Bankside line notation (or if not practicable, to the act, scene and line of the *Globe* Edition). Proof is not sent to authors unless particularly requested, or unless the subject-matter require it. Please address all matter intended for the Editors, books for Review, etc., to Box 323, WESTFIELD, UNION CO., NEW JERSEY. The Editors cannot undertake to answer personal letters, or to return unused matter, unless stamped envelopes are enclosed for the purpose. *.*



IVDICIO PYLVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOUS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QUICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME, DOH DECK Y^r TOMBE
FAR MORE, THEN COST: SEEH ALL Y^e HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

ORIT ANO D^o 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23AP.

A TABLET NOT CONSIDERED WORTH PROTECTING AGAINST ACCIDENT DURING THE LATE "RESTORATIONS"
IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

(See pages 219, 241.)